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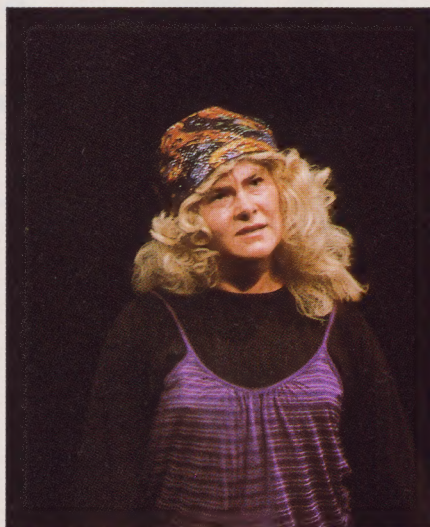
Telephone: (604) 682-6311

Atlantic Insight is published 12 times a year by Insight Publishing Limited. 1668 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2. Second Class Mail Registration No. 4683, ISSN 0708-5400. Indexed in *Canadian Periodical Index*. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada, 1 year, \$22, 2 years, \$38; U.S.A., Territories and Possessions, 1 year, \$35; Overseas, 1 year, \$45. Contents copyright ©1985 by Insight Publishing Limited may not be reprinted without permission. PRINTED IN CANADA. Insight Publishing Limited assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and other materials and will not return these unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.



AUGUST 1985

Vol. 7 No. 8

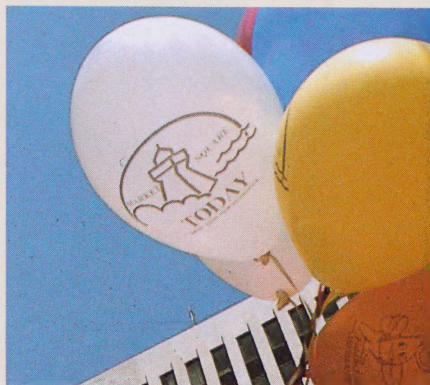


COVER STORY

Newfoundland actress Mary Walsh, in action onstage, is our cover lady. Always on the move, no security, and working for peanuts — that's what it's like to be an actor or actress in the Atlantic Provinces. But theatre people manage to overcome all that. They're close-knit and high spirited and produce drama which is as good as you'll find anywhere.

PAGE 22

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY MANNIE BUCHHEIT



CELEBRATIONS

It's Saint John's 200th birthday — and what a party the city is having! The Canada Summer Games are on in August, and the city is bubbling with fun events. City fathers hope the spirit will linger.

PAGE 13

BUSINESS

The Eisenhauers of Lunenburg, N.S. manufacture a host of high-tech products, most of which are exported. Competition is fierce but the Eisenhauers thrive through their own drive and constant innovation. They even think that government has a role in business.

PAGE 18



SPECIAL REPORT

Iceland has certain things in common with Atlantic Canada — notably its dependency on the fishery and its friendly people. The similarity tends to end there, however. Iceland is also a warm-weather island in the sub-Arctic and a land of full employment but atrocious inflation.

PAGE 38



ART

Evoking the nuances of faces is one of the toughest tasks of an artist. Christan Nicholson, originally of Saint John, does it so well that he's becoming Canada's premier portrait artist. His reputation is growing quickly as a result of a series of portraits he's painting of Canadian authors.

PAGE 30

DEPARTMENTS

Publisher's Letter	3
Feedback	4
Nova Scotia	7
New Brunswick	9
Prince Edward Island	10
Newfoundland and Labrador	11
Oceans	12
Harry Bruce's column	17
Calendar	35
Folks	42
Ray Guy's column	44

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Anne of Scarborough, Ont.

While tens of thousands of admirers of Anne of Green Gables and her creator, Lucy Maud Montgomery, make a point of visiting the House of Green Gables — the setting for the story of Anne — in Prince Edward Island this summer, a four-hour television mini-series based on Anne is being prepared for broadcast in December. The mini-series has been sold to CBC, PBS in the United States and a German network have also bought it, and if the series has any of the strength of the Anne books it will no doubt end up being shown around the world. Anne is, after all, one of the most successful literary characters of all time, and Lucy Maud Montgomery is still Canada's pre-eminent author of books for children.

Anne is more than a great children's book; it introduces its readers to the Island — to the land, the people, the traditions and customs of Island life a century ago. That strong sense of place is no doubt why, so many years later, visitors come to see the places made so special by the book they loved as children.

In fact the Anne books are P.E.I.'s most important cultural export. The Anne musical has been the anchor of the summer events at the Charlottetown Confederation Centre, in part because it remains a highly enjoyable and successful musical, in part because of its intimate connection with the place where people are enjoying it.

An Anne television mini-series has enormous potential to rekindle interest in Anne around the world. Through television people could encounter not just Anne but Prince Edward Island as Lucy Maud Montgomery portrayed it.

It is partly because of the key role that television has in influencing people's imaginations that the federal government has invested millions of dollars in supporting Canadian filmmakers through an agency now called Telefilm Canada. Telefilm invests in Canadian films — and it helps ensure that these films are genuinely Canadian through the use of Canadian writers, stars, directors, and producers. The CBC has a role in making projects like Anne possible too; it is the main buyer in Canada of films made for television, and its support along with Telefilm is what makes the Anne project possible.

When producer-director Kevin Sullivan wanted to use American actress Schuyler Grant as Anne, Telefilm insisted that the role was one only a Canadian could play — and after auditions with 3,000 hopefuls it went to a Canadian, Megan Follows.

But when it came to the location where Anne would be filmed, no one associated with the project or its financing seemed

to realize that P.E.I. is as much a star of *Anne of Green Gables* as Anne herself. Standing in for P.E.I. and the magic landscape where the book is set are Scarborough, Uxbridge, Clarendon, Barrie, Kitchener and Hamilton, all in Ontario. Green Gables in the film is actually a set built in a Scarborough warehouse for the interior filming, and two Ontario farmhouses for exteriors. "We had to put on a green roof and do some modifications," associate producer Ian McDougall is quoted as saying.

What about the unmistakable red soil, P.E.I.'s best-known natural characteristic? "Red gravel, which you can buy at garden places, gives the appearance of P.E.I.'s red earth," said McDougall.

The sad fact about this film production is that it misses the real point of Anne's success — the authenticity of the book's portrayal of place and people. Film producers can't be counted on to have that sensitivity; they have to listen to what their buyers want, and if American television buyers want American stars (which they very often do) the Canadian producer has to pay attention. But when the financing is coming from Canadian sources like Telefilm and CBC, films should be authentic in their portrayal of Canada.

Two Ontario farmhouses don't add up to Green Gables.

Co-producer McDougall complained that it would have added at least \$500,000 to his \$3.5 million budget to film on location on P.E.I.

But investors only put money into producers' projects when they're convinced that their productions will be successful — that they'll look right, and that audiences will like them. It seems that Canadian film investors — specifically Telefilm Canada and the CBC — need to understand more about the special and unique characteristics of Atlantic Canada when they are making investment decisions with dollars put up by taxpayers from coast to coast. If Lucy Maud Montgomery had written her most famous children's book set in Norval, Ont., (where she spent much of her married life) we'd expect it to be filmed on location with actors acquainted with the specific characteristics of residents of small-town Ontario. But it wasn't set there; it was set here.

When Telefilm Canada put its money on the table they did demand a Canadian Anne. So far, so good. But they didn't take the second step that was necessary for a film as wonderful as the book: demand that Green Gables be Green Gables and P.E.I. be P.E.I., not bits of Ontario covered with green paint and patches of store-bought red gravel.

— James Lorimer

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FEEDBACK

Raves for Rita

I would like to give my opinion on the Publisher's Letter in *Atlantic Insight* (*A people proud as there's been. Rita MacNeil's people — May*) concerning Maritime talent. I thought it was an excellent article on Rita MacNeil. I have had the pleasure of attending one of her concerts and found her probably one of the best entertainers I have ever heard. I feel she doesn't get enough publicity here in Nova Scotia. Your article should be repeated in many other Maritime magazines. I was very pleased to know that your publisher found her talent exceptional and I feel we here in the Maritimes should be proud of her. I look forward to reading about Rita again.

Mary Burns
Sherbrooke, N.S.

Surette a bit much

I suppose it is too much to expect that your publication not have on staff its very own liberal-left, bleeding-heart scribe. I refer to the columns of Ralph Surette which could be written by any one of the host of political fellow-travellers who seem to abound coast-to-coast in the Canadian media. Surette et al seem to think we can turn back the technological clock. As for Star Wars, it may be madness, but it does represent continuing deterrence. If we don't have it, then someone else will — the Soviets for example. Indeed, they are already well advanced in this sphere. Unfortunately, the Soviets are always left out of the nuclear equation, amid the flood of U.S.-bashing and subversive claptrap that passes for informed comment in this country.

Barry McCullagh
Belleville, Ontario

Misplaced capital

I was surprised to find a serious error in the April 1985 issue of *Atlantic Insight*. The error, trivial in itself, is inexcusable considering this is an Atlantic magazine which is published more or less locally. The article in question is *Fighting for the Convention Trade: an Uncertain Payoff*. It begins by stating that four convention centres have opened in Atlantic Canada's "capital cities" in the past two years. It goes on to say they are in Saint John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., Charlottetown, P.E.I. and St. John's, Nfld. Those aren't the four capitals I know about — have I missed something?

Katherine Hildebrand
Fredericton, N.B.

Ed. Note: The capital of New Brunswick is indeed Fredericton, not Saint John.

Perils of hydro

Your June article about our hydro-electric project (*The trials of a micro-hydro man*) had a typographical error. We are losing \$2,000 a month (not \$2,000 a year) selling power to the Nova Scotia Power Corporation. The hardest part about getting a fair rate from the NSPC is figuring out who has the authority in government to tell them what to do.

Neal Livingston
Black River Hydro Ltd.
Mabou, N.S.

The picture was mine

I was very interested in reading in your May 1985 issue the story about making films in Nova Scotia. The picture on page 28 of the feast scene in *Evangeline* was filmed in our garden on Herring Cove Road near Chocolate Lake. I was only a little fellow at the time but remember watching this scene from our window. The cat under the table was ours. The picture was mine and I gave it to the Archives of Nova Scotia for future use.

James Billman
Halifax, N.S.



Player's

Survived many setbacks

On behalf of the town council of Happy Valley-Goose Bay, I wish to comment on the article by Peter Gard (Happy Valley, Labrador) in your March issue. While many of the remarks and opinions expressed in the article are very true, it is impossible to present a totally balanced view of any community within a few thousand words. Happy Valley-Goose Bay has, in its short lifespan, survived many economic and social setbacks, to remain as a generally prosperous, self-supporting community of seven thousand residents. The people of Happy Valley-Goose Bay are continuing to work to improve the quality of life in their community and it is with the co-operation of the residents

and all levels of government that the quality of life and services is constantly being improved, while traditional social patterns and customs are retained. We would like to extend to your readers an invitation to visit our town, to experience for themselves life in central Labrador.

*Henry Shouse, Mayor
Happy Valley-Goose Bay, Labrador*

Shippagan-Shippegan

Your April issue was very interesting. But one spelling I wonder about is "Ship-pagan." My schooling was "Shippegan" and the 1981 *National Geographic Atlas*

shows the latter spelling.

*Marion Anderson Marshall
Edmonton, Alberta*

Ed. note: A year ago, at the request of the town, the New Brunswick government declared "Shippagan" to be the official spelling. That's the French version — the town is an Acadian one. "Shippegan" is the English spelling.

Waiting for Island jam

I anxiously await the arrival of *Atlantic Insight* each month to bring me news of home. It tends to make me a little homesick as well as proud of being a Maritimer. The article *Gourmet Jams — Island style* (April, 1985) was enlightening. I know Bruce MacNaughton personally, so I know the road hasn't always been easy for him. It's good to see someone you know headed for success. I say success because, with his determination and ability in food service, Bruce is sure to achieve his goal. I'll savor the moment when his product finally reaches the shelves of Ottawa's shops. Bonne chance Bruce.

*Mitchell Knox
Food Service Manager
Eaton's Ottawa Bayshore*

Dropped Type

The unidentified man in the photo on page 18 of the July issue was Dr. Gordon Baskerville, dean of Forestry at the University of New Brunswick. We apologize for the omitted photo caption — Ed.

Upcoming in Atlantic Insight

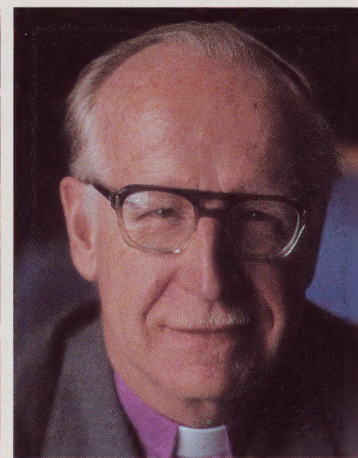
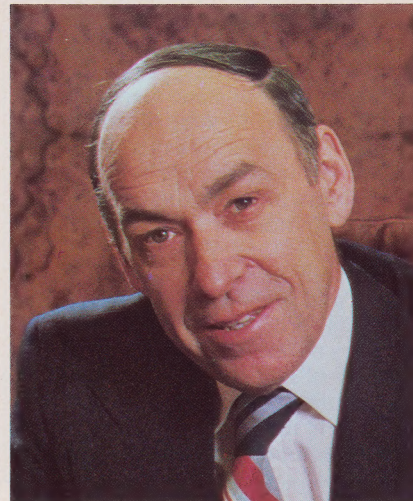
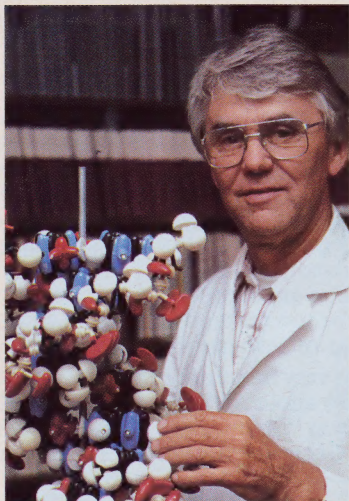
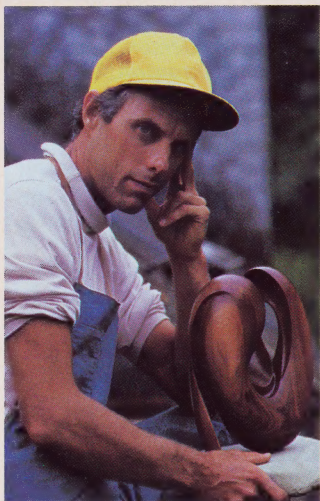
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**Are consumer
boycotts effective?**

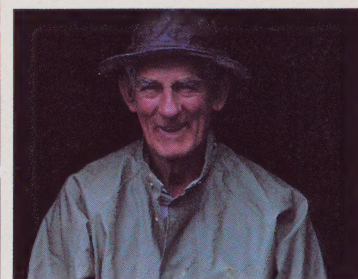
**The legacy of
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Meet the people



Who are the people of our Atlantic Provinces?

A rare mix by all accounts. Politicians and poets, entertainers and entrepreneurs, farmers and fishermen, doers and dreamers, the famous and the just plain folk.

There's the old guard: proud wardens of long-established family enterprises. And the new breed: young, dynamic, aggressive. Demanding the right and creating the opportunity to make their mark.

And, of course, the ordinary people, salt of the earth. (But watch our "Folks" pages and some of those ordinary people aren't so ordinary after all!)

The men and women who live and work in the four provinces are endlessly fascinating. Which should come as no surprise when you consider their ancestors.

Their forefathers were pioneers in every sense of the word. Many were looking for new frontiers — physical, spiritual, intellectual. They were seekers after freedom — in all its meanings. And their drive and determination have been handed down through generations.

There is nothing as interesting as people. Absolutely nothing as interesting as the passing parade featured every month in *Atlantic Insight*.

Meet the people.

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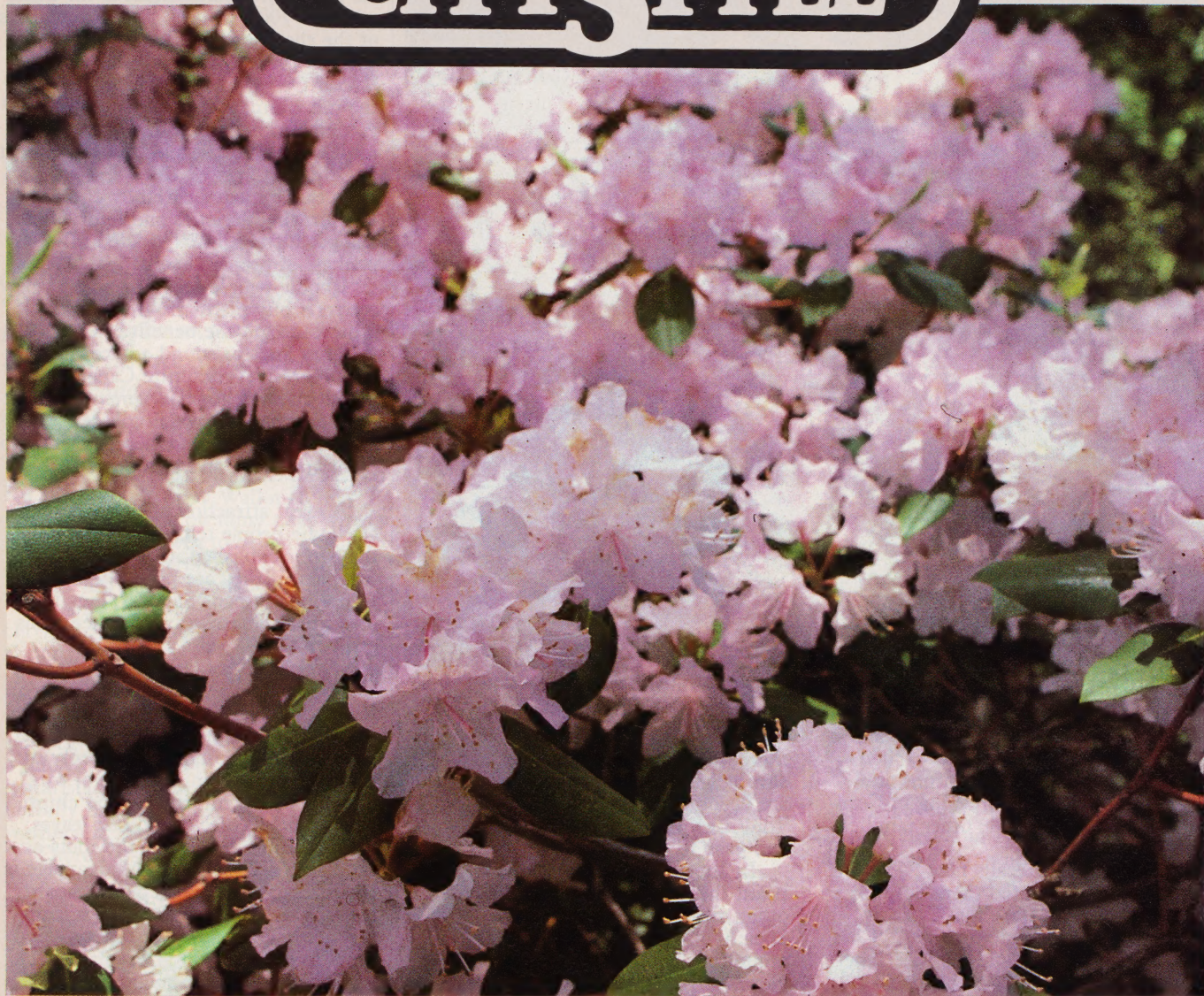
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PHOTOS BY DON ROBINSON



Rhodie people and their blooms

Rhododendron growers are a dedicated lot. The bloom is past now, but the devotees carry on

by Heather Laskey

I have about 700 dwarfs in my garden... We had a big bump down to minus eight and the evergreens collapsed... My yaks are all established now... Who's that man in Ohio who grows pygmies?... I came to rhododendrons from hollies...

"Excuse me," I said to the nearest person in the group I was eavesdropping on at a Rhododendron Society of Canada meeting, "But I need some help. I only have five flowers on my Satan."

"Blooms. Did you mulch?"

"Of course," I replied defensively.

"What with?"

"Old leaves."

"What leaves?"

"Maple."

"Tsk tsk. No good. Only oak."

"Well I don't know that I'd agree with that," frowned a woman. And they were off again. Soon they got into manure — what kind and whether it was necessary or not. They got heated over it.

The genus of plants known as rhododendrons, which also includes azaleas (of which my Satan is one), inspires in some a devotion barely guessed at by the mere plant-it-and-water-it gardener. And these devotees do not necessarily have gardens as we

usually think of them — that is, cleared cultivated spaces with lawns and formal flower-beds. Growers of rhodos, or rhodies (as the initiated may call them) are more likely to cultivate their beloved shrubs in open, tidied-up woodland in a quasi-natural habitat.

We ordinary souls can only gawk with wonder at the product. My own favorite place for a sneak-peep of an uplifting rhododenron and azalea scene is along Halls Road, bordering Williams Lake outside the city. A group of people have been growing them there among the trees since they moved in as young couples in the early '50s and built their homes.

Although the Halls and the Nicholsons were the first two families



Rhodie people: (l to r) Robinson, Barbara Hall, Tom and Yvette Baskett, Nicholson

to arrive, the rhododendron story started when Dick Steele, a captain in the Navy, bought a lot and transplanted the rhododendrons and azaleas he had been breeding in Cornwallis onto his and the other families' properties.

Barbara Hall recalls how "Dick just came out and planted them here for us to begin with. Before that I hardly knew what a rhododendron was." Commander Tony Law and his wife Janet bought their lot because of his friendship in the Navy with Captain Steele. "Dick was experimenting for hardy plants and he came out and popped the plants in here and there," says Tony, "and thanks to his great effort we now have the most gorgeous area."

Both the Laws are artists — her professional name is Jane Shaw. They met at school before the war and since his retirement from the service he has returned to his first profession. "Jane paints the flowers. I paint the landscapes." The men in the other three rhodo families, Ken Hall, Fraser Nicholson and Robbie Robinson, were all doctors.

The lots are not fenced off, so the landscape is visually continuous, the houses unobtrusive among the trees which are dominated by pines, providing an ideal growing environment. Pines root deeply thus they do not compete with the shallow-rooting rhododendrons. Their needles provide an excellent mulch, and their canopy

lets through adequate light while providing shade and protection. Here and there, hidden among the trees and shrubs with the lake glittering behind are decorative Japanese lanterns which Tony Law made in cement from a cast and gave to his neighbors.

In June, when blooming is at its peak, the Halls Road growers invite other members of the Rhododendron Society of Canada to take a walk around the place. The colors are glorious. In the rhododendrons alone, as Jane Law says, "There is everything from pure white to fragile yellows, pinks, purples, vivid deep reds, violets."

The regional branch of the society was started by Steele and George Swaine, the eminent horticulturalist at the famous rhododendron gardens at the Kentville Research Station. The two have both evangelized for the rhododendron genus and developed hybrids (crosses between different varieties) that are not only beautiful but hardy and suitable for different locations.

Swaine started a commercial nursery at Blomidon and Steele and his daughter Diane Hatherley have the Bayport Plant Farm near Rose Bay outside Lunenburg. He left Halls Road to live nearer the farm, but the new owners of his Halls Road house — another medical family, the Basketts — are also into rhododendrons.

What Steele and Swaine started

others have continued. John Weagle hybridises on his city lot on Edward Street and his plants have spread into his neighbors' gardens: he is the man with the 700 "dwarfs". Most members of the rhododendron family like shaded, protective environments, but Walter Ostrum has developed one of the most impressive rhododendron gardens in the region in the most unlikely location: it's on the windswept granite near Peggy's Cove. He has done this by using carefully chosen, low-growing varieties and hybrids he has produced himself, rooted in pockets of prepared soil.

Rhodie people recommend that new converts buy plants from specialist growers to get the benefit of tried varieties and for sound advice. Otherwise there is Agriculture Canada's illustrated leaflet *Rhododendrons in the Atlantic Provinces* which gives all the basic information on where and how to plant and tend, and suggests suitable varieties.

A great attraction of these shrubs, as rhodie people tell you, is that once they are established in a good situation, and if they are properly mulched — unlike my poor Satan — they then look after themselves: rhododendrons can live to 150 years and azaleas over 40. A perk in this province is that the soil is mostly acid — that is, lime-free. Rhododendrons don't like lime.

Steele recommends planting in a shallow but wide hole with plenty of peat moss mixed in, and a two- to four-inch deep mulch of wood chips, bark, pine needles or old oak leaves, hand-weeding to disturb the roots as little as possible. Their disadvantage is their price, and this increases according to size. They can be grown from seed and cuttings, but it takes several years to get a decent-sized plant. The society sells seeds to members and anyone interested in joining may contact it via the Nova Scotia Museum.

It has been years since Dick Steele went to Halls Road and "popped the plants in here and there." The young couples are now grey haired, their children have grown and gone, but, barring disaster, the rhodos will be in their prime for years to come.

Meanwhile Dick Steele who started it all is still trying to breed a new shade of azalea. "The muted yellow appeals to me more than the clear yellow," he laments, "and all I ever get is that damn clear yellow! The Lord is punishing me!"

"Excuse me" I tried again at the rhodie-growers meeting, "but inchworms are munching on my Gibraltar" (that's my other adored azalea). "What should I do?" "Pick 'em off!" "Spray!" "Too late!" "Rubbish!" . . . Then they got too technical so I looked at and smelt some of their prize flowers instead. Sorry, blooms. ☺

Halifax's "buskers" and their sunny music

On a sunny day you might find a flutist, a fiddler, a few guitarists or even a full-fledged hillbilly band playing for coins on the streets of Halifax. It's an old practice from England and it adds a dab of vitality to downtown

by Margaret Macpherson

The portable Sony Walkman may have its place on rainy days when music has the power to dispel gloom, but on sunny afternoons midtown Halifax has music all its own.

Among the hand bells of peddle-carts, the whistling of workmen and the city's general din, add the rhythm and harmony of street musicians. On one recent Saturday a 40-minute count between Spring Garden Road and Historic Properties disclosed a flutist, a fiddler, a handful of individual guitarists and a full-fledged, four-piece hillbilly band complete with washboard, banjo and gut bucket bass.

There's a special name for these musicians: buskers. As in Victorian and Edwardian England, busking — itinerant entertainment accompanied by the clinking of coppers in a hat or opened guitar case laid out on the street, has come back into fashion and has added a unique dimension, a foot-tapping flavor, to downtown Halifax streets.

The idea of busking is often a romantic one. Who would not like to idle away an afternoon watching sloops and sails glide across the harbor while strumming a much loved guitar?

The buskers themselves, however, take a more realistic view of their trade. "It's a hand-to-mouth existence," says solo guitarist Steve Lee, found sunburnt and singing down by the waterfront. He indicated an almost empty guitar case containing a crumpled dollar bill and a smattering of loose silver. "Today this money is just to buy some beer so my girlfriend and I can go to a party tonight but sometimes it represents grocery money or paying the rent." With a few quick riffs on the guitar and an easy smile he adds, "I can't knock it though, this sun is just wonderful."

Lee is a Cape Bretoner. He writes fiction, takes on a few students for private music lessons and does odd carpentry jobs for people who are renovating their homes. None of this is steady work, so Lee supplements his income by taking his guitar to the streets and playing, for the most part, original songs. More often than not people merely pass by but occasionally they'll stop to listen. "When you're playing on the streets you have to push to give forth an air of projection," he says. "If you centre yourself on your music it becomes a good training ground even if people don't bother to stop."

Mark Clifford is another guitarist. He can be found playing outside the Halifax library. He works part-time in a small recording studio that "isn't quite on its feet yet" while his wife, Beth, a violinist, is on call for a retail clothing store. For the past five years the couple have been busking on city streets throughout Canada. Mark speaks of the financial side of street music — a good afternoon outside the library can net up to \$30 — but, again, the emphasis is more on music than on money.

"I can write a song at home and feel it to be really good," explains Clifford, "but it's playing for the people that counts . . . the public performance is everything. Making music on city streets is like flying time. You have to put in a lot of hours before you get anywhere."

And putting in the hours can be pure pleasure when instruments and energy are perfectly attuned and the weather is right.

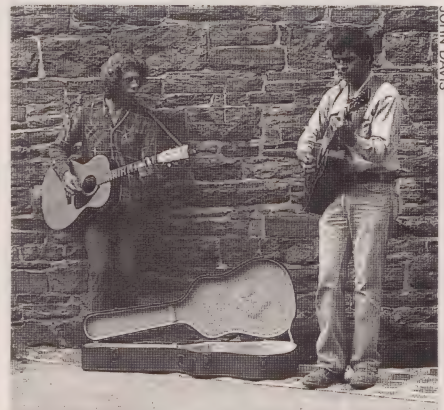
One day in June the Grand Parade became the street stage for a sometimes bluegrass/sometimes gospel combo called the Cooter Family. (There was some debate between the four musicians whether they were the Cooter Family or the Cooder Family but that was left unresolved after a broken guitar string was replaced and the rock-a-billy music resumed.) Derrick Daniels, alias Scooter Cooter, plays a mean washboard and an amazing Jew's harp. He explained the conspicuous absence of cash receptacles. "We're just gettin' our legs now. We've been practising but," he added in a lower tone, "mostly back in the hills."

The Cooter Family, although aloof about the origins of their band and their personal backgrounds, could cause stiff competition for other Halifax buskers. The atmosphere they create is a carnival experience and it is hard to discern whether the audience or the bluegrass buskers themselves are having the most fun.

Playing music and having fun on hot summer afternoons is certainly the happy side of busking.

Mark Welner is a familiar figure outside the Seahorse Tavern on Argyle Street. He is one of the few that knows how cold can cramp the fingers when working up and down the frets of a guitar. Welner has established his territory and built a repertoire of over 85 original songs by playing year-round on the streets.

"Making money, especially in the winter, is a gamble; just a chance. It's when I've got people stopping, standing around and listening, shivering in minus 15 degrees and still making requests for one of my songs that it really feels good." Welner considers busking a business. He keeps regular hours — 7:30 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. — and on the weekends, the best times, he takes in about \$50 an evening.



Busking: a foot-tapping flavor

"I'm ready musically for something else," says Welner who has been working the streets in Halifax for the past five years. "But while I'm waiting I continue to compose and entertain on the street. It's good practice and it keeps me in shape."

There is the rare story of a busker striking it rich. Andrew Kirk, a banjo player who busks on the street opposite Welner, tells the story of a rejected gentleman who tossed a diamond engagement ring into his banjo case one evening, but, more often than not, buskers live on an accumulation of quarters and dimes.

Up until a few months ago Barb Young was an average stay-at-home housewife. She now plays guitar and sings outside the Clyde Street liquor store. Her attitude towards busking sums up well the general feeling of street musicians. "It's a way to get outside, meet people and make a little bit of money," she says, "but it's also a lot more than that. If you love to make music, busking is an opportunity to share that with other people . . . music makes people happy."

The money isn't always great and the weather doesn't always comply, but buskers in downtown Halifax are dedicated to bringing new music and new vitality to busy city streets. **C**

Single mothers' grim search for a place to call home

For single mothers, Halifax-Dartmouth's 0.4 per cent apartment vacancy rate is no abstract figure. For many, it means a series of emergency housing shelters — if they're lucky. When will the provincial government address the problem?

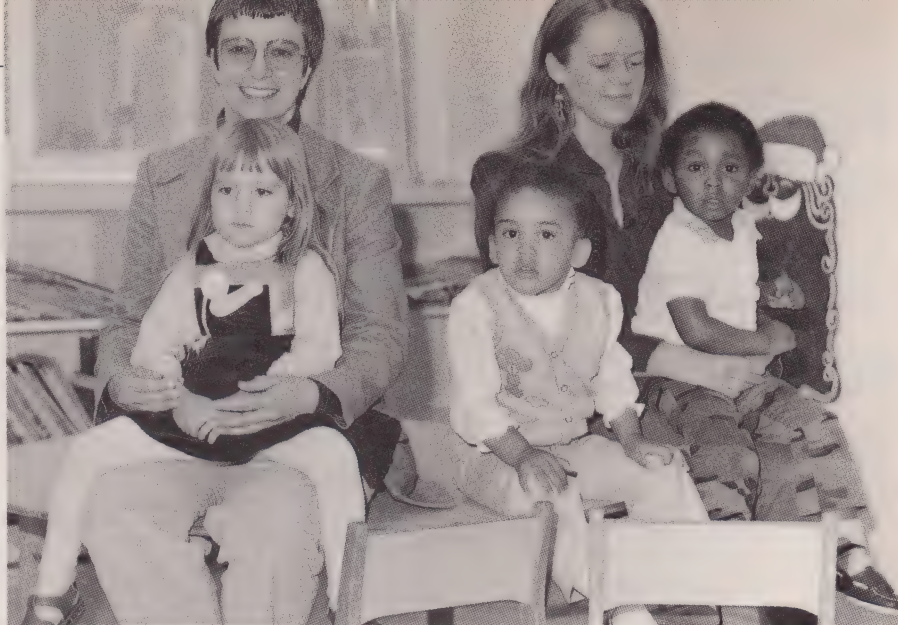
by Ken Burke

Like most mothers, May Spinney spends much of her time watching her children, and as all parents do, she sees reflections of herself in them. But lately, she is seeing a reflection of something she would rather not — the pain of a rootless existence.

"I have two children, with the boy in school," she explains. "He's had to move into four different schools in his first year. He can't make friends and adjust because we're always moving to a new place." Spinney and her children are always on the move because they have no place they can call home. After leaving a shattered marriage, she has been shuffled through a series of emergency housing shelters because she can't find anything affordable on a social assistance budget. Like a growing number of single mothers in Halifax and Dartmouth, she has found herself in the middle of a housing shortage of crisis proportions.

A dramatic decline in apartment construction activity and a recent trend toward conversion of rental units to expensive condominiums has left people who depend on low-income housing — notably single mothers — in a squeeze. A four to five per cent apartment vacancy rate is considered reasonable. In Halifax in April it was less than half of one per cent. The waiting lists for family public housing in both Halifax and Dartmouth have hundreds of names. About half those names were of single mothers — people whose income averaged only \$12,575 as of the 1981 census, or about \$10,000 less than the incomes of single fathers.

"I've run out of ways to say how serious the problem is," says Elaine



Elaine Bishop (left) at Collins House: "We need permanent housing, not stopgaps"

Bishop, director of the Women's Emergency Housing Coalition. "Things have gotten progressively worse since 1982, and we were talking about a crisis then with a vacancy rate of two per cent. You say 'crisis' for so long that people just accept it as the norm."

Through her work at Collins House, a temporary shelter for women who are homeless for reasons other than family violence, Bishop has seen the situation go from bleak to worse. As the market tightened last year, the average length of stay at Collins House increased sevenfold to 86 nights in December from 12 a year earlier. The house was over capacity so often that 807 women and children were unable to find even one night's shelter in the months from June to December. By April this year, a further 397 people had been turned away.

"The situation for children is really dramatic," says Bishop. Besides lacking a stable home, these children must cope with less attention from a parent preoccupied with finding a place to live and a job to pay for it. "It's harder for those 12 and over because they see the hurt their mom's going through." Many also share the fear May Spinney's six-year old son feels — that of being apprehended by Children's Aid and adopted out to strangers. This threat hangs closely over some of these women and adds to the already heavy toll stress takes on them. Sometimes they can find help. "Twice we have taken a woman into Collins House to get her children out of temporary care," says Bishop. Other times no help can be found.

Faced with this housing crisis, some single mothers are grouping together to fight for affordable housing. Under the name Mothers United for Metro Shelter (MUMS), they are lobbying both the provincial government for more public housing and the general

public for support. To get their message across, they've written letters, organized marches, and used street theatre — for example, in delivering a mock eviction notice to Province House MLAs. Even so, the best lobbying tool they have is their simplest one — their own personal experience.

Heather Schneider, a MUMS co-founder, began organizing what became the group last fall when she realized how the system was stacked against her. At the time, she was staying at Bryony House, an emergency shelter for battered wives. "I didn't have a choice," she says plainly. "I had to leave or be killed — it was as simple as that." As she began looking, it soon became apparent that her four children and low income were a source of discrimination from landlords. She was only able to find an apartment after taking two of her children outside the area for someone else to look after. "I had to break up my own family in order to find a place to stay," she says.

Besides rules against children, some landlords have set minimum salary requirements for applications, or instituted \$25 "application fees", which effectively weed out those on welfare, says MUMS member Eileen Cook. Single mothers come last on a list of acceptable tenants, says Cook. "They seem to think you can't run a household unless you're a couple. Because you're on some form of social assistance, they think you're a welfare bum."

Patrick Sims, Executive Director of the Investment Property Owners Association of Nova Scotia (IPONS) admits discrimination against single parents and other low-income groups exists, but feels that it is inevitable in the current market. "Landlords are normal business guys and they gravitate towards the person who would most likely be able to pay. After all, renting is a form of credit.

Property-owners are in it for business — not as a social service,” he says, “just as Sobeys and Tip Top Tailors are in business for profit.”

IPONS has been trying for several years to have rent controls in the province removed. They say this would alleviate the housing crisis as no other strategy would. Sims says higher rents would give more developers incentive to build, and a system of subsidized government rent supplements would allow single mothers and other low-income groups to afford the units. “The likelihood of any developer building for low-income families without any kind of financial incentive is low — it’s absolutely uneconomic,”

Sims says. “The onus for helping these people falls on government, not on private enterprise.”

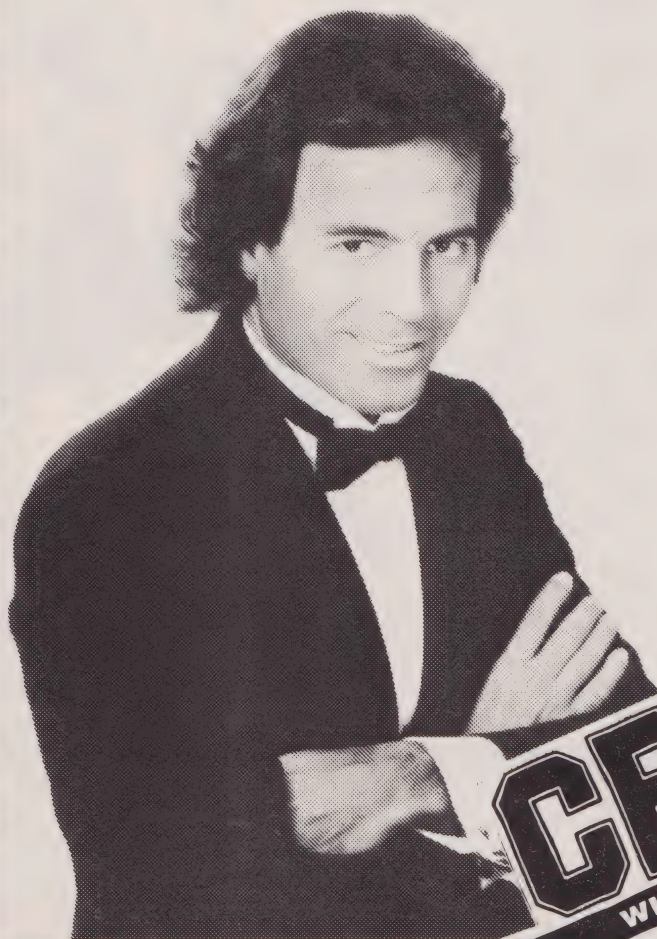
But many low-income people see rent controls as the only thing keeping rents from going completely out of their range. People like Heather Schneider fear that a removal of rent control would not mean subsidized rent cheques, but swift eviction notices. “MUMS wants rent control to stay,” she says. Instead, she advocated construction of more family public housing units by the province, pointing to a \$1.5 million facelift of Province House as a sign the money for construction is there.

Public housing is constructed by

the province and turned over to the local municipalities to run after completion. The federal government puts up 75 per cent of the funds. Despite a considerable amount of construction of public housing for senior citizens recently, only 14 new family units have been built in Halifax since the late 1970s. The provincial Department of Housing did not respond to numerous requests for interviews.

Elaine Bishop is tired of the stalling. “We’ve gone from housing crisis to housing crisis in Halifax for years, and it’s time we started on solutions. Emergency housing doesn’t help the homeless problem. What we need is permanent housing, not stopgaps.” ©

WHAT DO THESE ARTISTS HAVE IN COMMON?



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ALABAMA

WILLIE NELSON
NANA MOUSKORI

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Sunday, August 18 11am-5pm

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Halifax

GADABOUT

ART GALLERIES & MUSEUMS

Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. Aug. 1-Sept. 15. *The Dynamics of Tony Tascona: Works on Aluminum.*

Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery. Aug. 22-Sept. 15. Downstairs: *Paintings*, Cathie Falk, Vancouver. Upstairs: *Doric Column*, Betty Shatford, Halifax.

Anna Leonowens Gallery (Nova Scotia College of Art and Design) Aug. 6-17, Gallery I, David Askevold, a display of image and sound track from a video. Gallery II, Alex Livingston, paintings. Aug. 6-10, Gallery III, Kathleen Hodgson, *The Art Garden*, paintings and objects. Aug. 13-17, Gallery III, Alison Hahn, textile design.

FILMS

Dalhousie Film Theatre — Summer Series, every Sunday at 8 p.m. in the Cohn Auditorium; box office opens at 7 p.m. *Frances* (Aug. 4) secures Jessica Lange's position as a major screen actress in her portrayal of the tragic 30s legend Frances Farmer. *Choose Me* (Aug. 11) with Geneviève Bujold, Keith Carradine and Lesley Ann Warren, winner of the International Critics Award at the Toronto Festival of Festivals last summer features the hit album "Love Language" by Teddy Pendergrass. *Paris/Texas* (Aug. 18) with Harry Dean Stanton and Nastassia Kinski, a finely crafted drama of self-discovery won the coveted "Palme d'Or" at the Cannes Film Festival. The grand finale of the series is the acclaimed comedy smash of 1982, *Tootsie* (Aug. 25) with Dustin Hoffman and Jessica Lange.

EVENTS

Aug. 5 — **Halifax and Dartmouth Natal Day Celebrations**, a birthday party for the twin cities with sporting events, variety shows, parades and fireworks.

Aug. 8-10 — **Halifax Citadel Festival of History**, celebrates the National Parks Centennial; military drills,

demonstrations, period food, and Victorian sale.

Aug. 9 and 23 — **Halifax Citadel Cavalier Dinners.** Four course feasts in honor of Queen Victoria in the company of members of the Citadel regiments, 8 p.m.

Aug. 16-18 — **Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen Summer Market** at the Dalhousie University campus will feature quality crafts, exhibitions, food and entertainment.

Aug. 17-19 — **Flower Show:** a grand display of flowers and vegetables featuring varieties grown in Nova Scotia, at the Sculpture Court, Dalhousie Arts Centre.

Aug. 21 — **Art Auction** of more than 100 works in support of the Third World Medical Assistance Project in cooperation with Manuge Galleries.



CLUB DATES

Teddy's, piano bar at the Delta Barrington Hotel. Aug. 5-24: *Kim Bishop*, Aug. 26-31: *Alan Fawcett*. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m.-1 a.m.

The Village Gate, 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. Aug. 1-3: *Intro*, Aug. 8-11: *Rox*, Aug. 22-24: *Tense*. Hours: Mon.-Wed. 10 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat. 10 a.m.-12:30 p.m. **c**

CITYSTYLE



Buying a painting, Tory style

I cannot" said the chairman "allow any questions about the process." With that, he closed the meeting. And I turned my mind to *The Process*.

I first encountered *The Process* in 1979, soon after the Progressive Conservatives took office. Word got around that there was a large new painting in an office at the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. Painted by one of Canada's Group of Seven, Arthur Lismer, who worked in Halifax in the early years of the century, its subject, an English landscape, was of no particular relevance to the province's art collection. It had been bought with funds provided by the provincial Department of Culture, Recreation and Fitness from the Manuge Galleries for \$42,500, a record then for a provincial art purchase, and nearly three times the painting's estimated value on the open market. The matter had not gone before the AGNS' acquisition committee, nor before the department's art bank panel. Manuge was a prominent Tory. The purchase was not publicly announced until the press asked questions.

I renewed my acquaintance with *The Process* in 1982. This time word got around that government pressure had been put on the AGNS to purchase a set of four oil paintings — views of Halifax, mainly of historical interest, dated 1769. Again they were from the Manuge Galleries and again — at a total of \$180,000 — they were considered above the market value. The purchase swallowed most of the AGNS' annual acquisition budget, although the department — which usually cries broke — popped in an extra subsidy. We — the public — were also invited to contribute.

In 1984, *The Process* showed up again, as perky as ever. The rented premises from which the AGNS has been operating are ludicrously inadequate, and after years of equivocation, the government announced that plans to build the gallery its own long-awaited home on a promised waterfront site could go ahead. The pleased response to the news turned into impatient indignation with the statement that the government had selected an architect for the job and, contrary to the recommendations of the Royal Ar-

chitectural Institute of Canada, would not permit an open competition for the design. (In any event, the design also turned out to be a raspberry, although the gallery's directors pronounced themselves delighted with it.)

The Process was at work again early this year when the AGNS tried to fill the position of education officer. Although several well-qualified people applied for it, pressure came from government that someone without the minimum specified qualifications be given the job. Quite properly — and indeed courageously — Bernard Riordon, the gallery's curator, balked. In revenge the department of culture froze the position, choking off an important area of the gallery's public responsibilities. When NDP leader Alexa McDonough asked a question in the legislature about this "unfortunate and ugly controversy," the chairman of Management Board, Ron Russell, to whom it was deliberately addressed, and the minister of culture, Billy Joe MacLean to whom it was deflected, evaded a direct answer.

The Process, as you will have deduced, is the hands-on, as opposed to arms-length, relationship between government and the provincial art gallery, a process by which politicians can and do manipulate the activities of an institution with a non-political function, not to serve its interests but theirs. This unacceptable and indefensible situation can arise because the AGNS, unlike most similar institutions both here and in other provinces, is not independent. It is part of a government department, its employees are civil servants, and its board members government appointees. An amendment to the act governing the AGNS will permit a minority of the board to be nominated by members of the Gallery. We will have to see whether it affects *The Process*.

The occasion on which I asked my question was at the annual general meeting of the AGNS in May. The members (\$10 to join) are of course powerless, and this was manifest in the mickey mouse proceedings. The members heard reports of the gallery's various activities, following which the chairman — an oil company PR man, with no reputation in the art field —

would lead the small gathering in a hand-clap. Nothing was said nor asked about the recent public controversy over the art education officer.

A few weeks before the general meeting, Billy Joe MacLean had announced at a press conference that the promised waterfront site — upon which plans and feasibility studies for a new gallery had been based since the 1970's — was no longer available: the Waterfront Development Corporation (a provincial crown corporation) had now decided on a commercial sale. The AGNS, he said, would instead be housed in the heritage building on Cheapside which was the city's first federal post office. The old building has long been available. When questioned whether it was Ralph Medjuck (owner of Centennial Properties and a former law partner of Premier Buchanan) who was the developer wanting it, he replied that he did not know. He could give no explanation of the sudden turnaround, but interestingly enough, an application was made a week before by Centennial to erect an office building on the site.

Also at the press conference it accidentally emerged that Marilyn MacDonald, the chairman of the AGNS building committee was on the board of the WDC — a paid political appointment. Four days before the press conference, at the AGNS board meeting at which its non-executive members and the gallery's curator were notified of the changed plans, MacDonald had moved a resolution that they "enthusiastically" accept the government's proposal. It was passed unanimously.

My question at the general meeting was about the relationship between MacDonald as a member of the site-owning board and MacDonald as a member of the site-disowned board. You know what the chairman said about *The Process*, but I'll add what was said by Robert Dietz — an unequivocating outspoken Jeremiah who owns a commercial art gallery in the city. "If the board had any guts, they would have resigned!" There was no response. So who's surprised? ☐

Heather Laskey is a Halifax freelance journalist.



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Make it a great day!

The trials of a judge's son

Joseph Glube, son of a high-ranking judge, went to the elite Elan reformatory while others went to jail. Is the law fair?

by Francis Moran

In early June, 18-year-old Joseph Glube of Halifax was found asleep in a stolen car on the Trans-Canada Highway near Woodstock, N.B. Fresh from a conviction for shoplifting in Halifax a few weeks before, Glube was given a month in jail.

In sentencing Glube to his first ever jail term, New Brunswick Provincial Court Judge Wiley Tomlinson said, "It troubles and puzzles me why a youngster who is too bright for his own good would commit the crime. He has had every opportunity in life."

It was those opportunities in life that made Glube, son of Chief Justice Constance Glube of the trials division of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court, a troubling presence in the Nova Scotia system of justice. He has been at the centre of a continuing controversy that has called into question the principle that all persons are equal before the law.

It was in 1981 that Glube, then a juvenile, was convicted of theft after he admitted stealing \$60,000 worth of his mother's jewelry and selling it to a Barrington Street pawnbroker. Glube was given a three year suspended sentence, and under a highly controversial condition of his parole was ordered to enrol at an elite treatment centre in Maine.

The pawnbroker got a jail term. For a while his daughter paraded outside the pawnshop with a placard complaining of the inequity of the situation.

The treatment centre is the Elan Institute, a private psychotherapeutic facility in Poland Springs, Maine, which treats young people with drug, alcohol or behavioral problems and which boasted a 100 per cent success rate until recently. Critics pointed out that Glube was only accepted because his parents could afford the high cost of sending him there. But a veritable public storm broke when it was learned that the province would pay \$25,000 of the \$30,000 tuition for Glube's 22-month stay.

Fuel was added to the fire when 18-year-old James Chisholm of suburban Bedford pleaded guilty in September, 1984, to 15 charges of break and enter and was also handed a three-year suspended sentence on condition that he enrol at Elan. Three other youths charged along with Chisholm received jail terms of from two to 15 months.

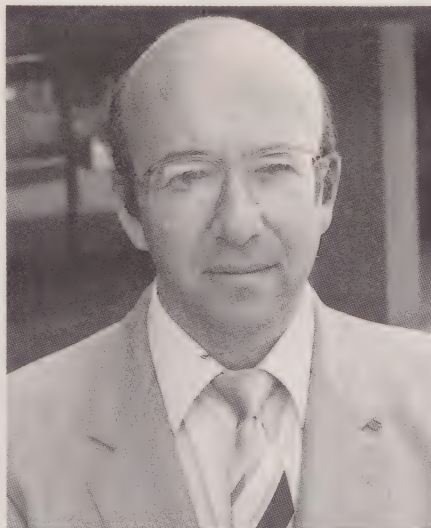
The province appealed Chisholm's sentence to the Nova Scotia Supreme Court and lost the case.

Ken Fiske is the solicitor who repre-

sented the attorney general of Nova Scotia in the unsuccessful appeal of Chisholm's sentence. He said the appeal of the sentence was launched because it was felt to be inadequate for purposes of deterrence and unequal when compared to what Chisholm's partners in crime got.

"What struck us was that it seems like at the sentencing level the only distinguishing factor was that Jimmy Chisholm came from a wealthy family who could afford to send him there," Fiske states.

Halifax criminal lawyer Joel Pink, who secured the Elan sentences for both Glube and Chisholm as well as a third client he will not name, denies the sentence was unequal. He said his clients were diagnosed as having behavioral problems and could receive treatment at Elan that would not be available at a correctional centre here.



FRANCIS MORAN

Lawyer Pink: sentence justified

"You have to understand the sentencing process," Pink states. "It's a well-established principle of law that we have what is called the individualisation of sentencing. That means that even for the same crime, two people can have different sentences."

Besides, Elan is no picnic and Chisholm will spend much more time confined there than the three others will spend in jail, according to Pink. "Most people classify Elan as a country resort where the spoiled kid who had money went. James Chisholm is much worse off in terms of actual confinement."

Elan was established in 1970 by Joseph Ricci and Dr. Gerald Davidson. Called the "Last Chance Academy" by some, the facility has no armed guards and few

of the other physical fixtures of a correctional facility. Rather, the counsellors at Elan prefer to try to treat their residents by teaching them respect for themselves and others. The system relies heavily on peer pressure and the promise of rewards such as better work duties and trips into the nearby town for good behavior.

Chisholm's parents have agreed to pay their son's entire bill though they have asked the provincial department of health for assistance. A decision was still pending recently.

Pink said the \$25,000 the province paid for Glube was justified because his client required the medical treatment Elan offered and the bill was lower than the cost of sending him to a provincial jail for the same length of time. Health Minister Gerald Sheehy agrees, saying Glube got no more than he was entitled to under the province's Medicare plan.

"The way I look at it, if he needed a liver transplant and it had to be done outside the province, we would have funded it," Sheehy said recently. "It was done because there was a medical need."

Pink, for his part, said it is an "extreme indictment" of the province's judicial system that there is not an Elan-type facility in Nova Scotia. "It's a must."

The provincial government did announce plans in February to establish a rehabilitation school for troubled youths. Plans call for the province's two schools for youthful offenders — the School for Boys in Shelburne and the School for Girls in Truro — to be combined into a single institution in Shelburne. The Truro building will then be converted into a local version of Elan.

Joseph Glube, despite his stay at Elan, is still wrestling with the problems that caused him to be sent there in the first place. But his lawyer said the fact Glube got into trouble again does not diminish his faith in the Elan system. "I'm not going to say at this stage that we've failed with Joseph Glube," Pink said. "The system has done everything it could for him and now he has to make the decision."

James Chisholm, on the other hand, is getting glowing reports from Elan's psychiatrists and counsellors. His performance in the classroom has turned around completely — from a failing report card at the end of Grade 11 here to straight 90s after one quarter at Elan.

But the issue remains: are there two standards of justice in Nova Scotia, one for those who can afford expensive treatment in the United States and another for the rest? In a dissenting opinion on the Nova Scotia Supreme Court's decision upholding Chisholm's sentence, Justice Leonard Pace seems to agree that there is a double standard.

"The sentence given in the present case shows a basic inequality which is contrary to the cardinal principle upon which our criminal system of justice is based," Judge Pace wrote.



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Saint John, N.B. / August 11-24
 Du 11 au 24 août

CITY OF SAINT JOHN

VENUE LEGEND



Saint John, N.B. / August 11-24
 Du 11 au 24 août

A Archery - Grand Bay
 B Baseball - Memorial, Forest Hills
 C Basketball - UNBSJ Athletic Center
 D Canoeing - Kennebecasis Rowing & Canoeing Club
 E Cycling - Route No.1, Millidgeville
 F Diving - Canada Games Aquatic Centre
 G Field Hockey - Shamrock Park
 H Lacrosse - Lord Beaverbrook Rink
 I Rowing - Kennebecasis Rowing & Canoeing Club
 J Rugby - Hazen White School, Forest Hills

K Sailing - Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club
 L Soccer - Canada Games Stadium, Island View Heights
 M Softball - Memorial, Forest Hills
 N Swimming - Canada Games Aquatic Centre
 O Tennis - Shamrock Park
 P Track & Field - Canada Games Stadium
 Q Volleyball - UNBSJ Athletic Center
 R Water Skiing - Little River Reservoir
 V Village

Flying the wrong way: hard times for Moncton Airport

Greater Moncton is trying hard to attract new business but local leaders say that cutbacks at the airport by government and the airlines are hurting their efforts

by Carol McLeod

With considerable accuracy and much pride, Moncton has long called itself "the Hub of the Maritimes." It was Moncton's location in the geographic heart of the region that made it a major distribution and transportation centre. That's why Greater Moncton's business and civic leaders never expected the predicament they're in now. Transportation problems, of all things, are hindering the area's effort to attract new industry — specifically, poor flight scheduling by both Air Canada and Eastern Provincial Airways and a steady reduction in service at the airport.

Several entrepreneurs have changed their minds about establishing new firms in the Moncton area because of limited access to the city by air, according to a perturbed George Rideout, Moncton's mayor. Dave Cudmore, mayor of the neighboring community of Riverview, is no less frustrated. "You can't attract business without the air service to support it," he says.

The main beef is airline schedules, especially to Toronto and Montreal. EPA's three weekday departures for those destinations require the traveller to fly in the opposite direction — to Halifax to pick up a central Canada-bound flight. Air Canada has four weekday departures to Toronto. Two of them are direct flights — one at 11:35 a.m. and the other at 5:55 p.m. Business people complain that these times don't allow them to do a day's work in Toronto and come back the same night.

Passengers flying to Montreal face a still greater problem. Air Canada offers only two flights, while EPA provides three — all through Halifax.

According to a spokeswoman for a Moncton travel agency, complaints — especially about the connections to Montreal — are frequent and vociferous. She

says another vexation for EPA passengers is the number of times the early morning flight to Halifax has been cancelled at the last minute. "It got to the point a few weeks ago that we started advising clients making connections in Halifax or who had important meetings to attend to look for other ways of getting there."

Cudmore is also critical of the aircraft EPA uses on regional flights out of Moncton. "Turboprops just don't appeal to a lot of people. They're cramped and noisy and inflight service is extremely limited."

Meanwhile in Dieppe, a town abutting the eastern fringe of Moncton, Deputy Mayor Leonard LeBlanc has charged that Transport Canada is

commissionaires.

What has him most concerned, however, is a proposal by Transport Canada officials to close down the airport control tower each day between the hours of midnight and 7 a.m. Although the closure wouldn't eliminate night flights altogether, it would mean that New Brunswick no longer would have an airport capable of providing full 24-hour service.

According to a spokesman for Transport Canada, low traffic levels during the early morning hours warrant the downgrading. Instead of offering full control service, Transport Canada wants to provide incoming planes with runway and weather information from the flight services station on the airport grounds. The station would also control runway lights and all other facilities needed to make a normal landing. Pilots wishing to make a nighttime instrument landing would be assisted by the area air traffic control centre in Riverview.

Despite the plans announced by Transport Canada for providing service during the early morning hours, LeBlanc is concerned that problems will develop when two or three planes want to land at the same time. With 24-hour fire service no longer available, he feels there aren't adequate safeguards in an emergency.

The latest proposed downgrading of service is bound to hurt whatever chances Moncton had of replacing Sydney, N.S. as an alternate airport to Halifax International — a recommendation made (to Air Canada) by the boards of trade of Dieppe and Riverview.

LeBlanc fears that no major airline will land where 24-hour emergency service is unavailable. He adds that for the Moncton airport to handle increased passenger loads it must first be enlarged. Although the existing terminal is modern and well-maintained, LeBlanc says, it's filled to capacity when a DC9 lands and lets off one load of passengers while another is waiting to board.

Meanwhile, last year hopes were briefly raised that a direct air link would be established between Moncton and Boston. For the route to be approved, however, regulations required that a corresponding route be established by a U.S. carrier. The move would have enhanced Moncton's position as a business centre and would have upgraded the airport by creating a need for customs personnel. But according to Cudmore, the Americans were not anxious to make the necessary trade-offs. "The proposal was more attractive to Canadian carriers than it was to the Americans," he says.

Moncton's business community was frustrated again. Meanwhile, officials of Moncton, Riverview and Dieppe are working with EPA to have flight scheduling improved. That alone won't solve the problem, but still "it's something we need badly if we're going to improve our economy," Rideout says.



Cudmore: existing air service bad for business

eliminating jobs and services at the airport to the detriment of all communities within a 50-mile radius.

Three years ago the airport lost its direct cargo service when Air Canada began flying freight into Halifax, then trucking it to Moncton. Overnight fire protection was also done away with. Now, LeBlanc maintains, the facility is about to have its five-member RCMP security force replaced by commissionaires. "The rationale is that we can't afford glorified doormen." But LeBlanc contends that behind-the-scene activities of the RCMP — especially in such areas as drug investigation — can't be handled by

WAYNE CHASE

A bit of Banff comes to the Island to sing and dance

In show biz, the triple threat — singer, dancer, actor — is very much in demand. The trouble was to find suitable training for young performers. Then a former Islander set up Triple Threats School

by P.T. Cusack

In football, a "triple threat" is a player who can pass, run and kick. There's little need for them anymore — the game has become too specialized. In show biz, a triple threat is a person who can sing, dance and act. And there's a very definite need for them — the one-dimensional performer is likely to find long stretches between engagements. The trouble for the would-be theatrical triple threat in Atlantic Canada is finding training — the Banff School of Fine Arts in Alberta is just about the only place in Canada. The problem is especially acute in Prince Edward Island because of the sense of rising expectations induced by the activities of the Confederation Centre of the Arts.

Until now, that is. Island native Pam Campbell, a faculty member at Banff, is currently conducting in Charlottetown an intensive, month-long Triple Threats School for young performers. Her enthusiasm is evident when, with a gleam in her eye, she talks of turning the school into a "Banff East."

"Very rarely do you get someone who is a triple threat — with natural talent in

all three areas. We will try to zero in on the weaker areas — at least give the person a direction and tell them what they have to work on," says Campbell. She warns students of Triple Threats who might have visions of glitter and glamor that the school means work and then more work.

"We want it to be a training program and not a performance-oriented thing," she says. "The need is in the training." It's a need she first noticed 20 years ago when she got a role in a junior high school play, performing beside Grace Finley who later became famous for her stage portrayal of Anne of Green Gables. Grace played a grasshopper in that early production.

Things have changed a lot since then. The Confederation Centre of the Arts opened its doors in 1964, giving Islanders their first look at the glitter of the arts world. Built as a tribute to the Fathers of Confederation, the Centre has produced 45 original Canadian musicals over two decades, at the same time making the stage a dream of many young Islanders.

Although the Centre has provided the

dreams, it hasn't provided a way for them to come true for most young performers. The Centre has been doing, not teaching. As a result, several private schools have sprung up in the downtown core of Charlottetown and learning to sing or dance has become as commonplace for local school-children as taking swimming classes or playing hockey.

"The place just breeds talent," says Clair Currie, the publicity man for Triple Threats. Once word started spreading about the new school, he received inquiries from interested performers living as far away as Boston, Toronto and Newfoundland. The majority of those enrolled in the four-week program come from Halifax-Dartmouth and Charlottetown, the only places where auditions were held.

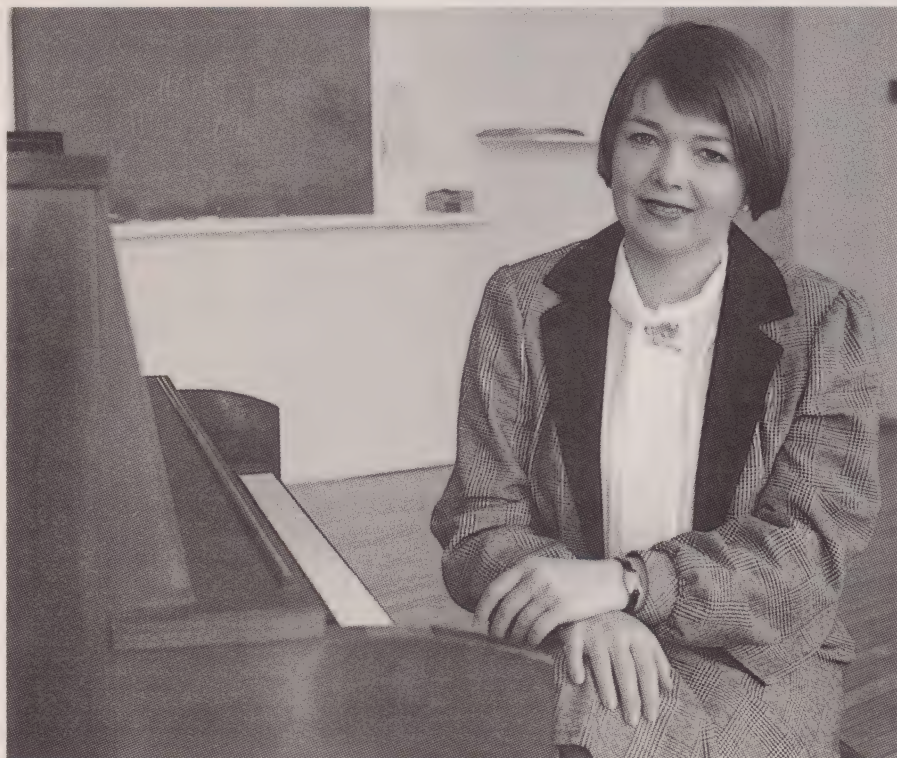
Those who got through the auditions are paying \$300 tuition plus living expenses for a unique learning experience which Campbell says "will be a shock for some." They'll have to endure a nine-to-five routine five days a week, with evening workshops and master classes featuring special guest lecturers on Saturdays. A variety of facilities will be used and Campbell is hoping that, in years to come, the Confederation Centre will be included in the list. This year, there were discussions between Campbell and the Centre's administration but nothing could be worked out.

"They've missed the boat on this one," Campbell says about the Centre not getting involved. "We're hoping in future we can build a strong tie — it seems the logical place for this program to emanate from. The only way I would go in there is by invitation — I feel the merit of the program will justify an invitation."

With full-time teachers and guest lecturers from some of Charlottetown's private schools, as well as from the Banff school, the Canadian Opera Company, the Toronto Youth Choir, and Boston University, Campbell is hoping for a huge success.

She's also hoping to repay some of the debt she feels she owes to the Island. She now calls Toronto home but says, "I spent a lot of good years growing up on P.E.I. — I felt very fortunate. You never really get P.E.I. out of your system. I hope I'm bringing back what I learned to share with people. Coming back, I've a sense of wanting to share. I want to instill some confidence — to say 'it's not so bad to be from P.E.I. — you can make it'."

Before she left the Island, Campbell directed some high school productions. She still remembers spending valuable rehearsal time trying to teach one student how to sing or another to dance instead of rehearsing. As Triple Threats becomes established, she hopes it will prevent other directors from having to endure the same hardship. Not to speak, of course, of easing the hardships of young performers trying to break into one of the most demanding professions of all.



Campbell: visions of glitter and glamor, but a lot of work

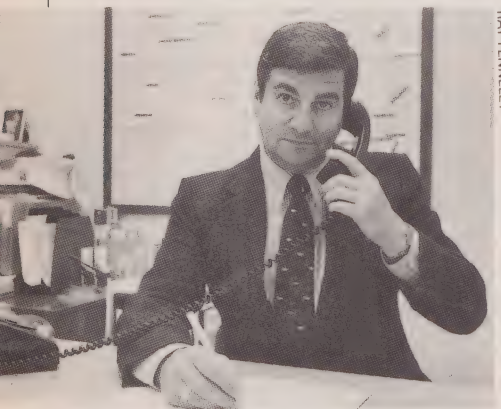
The noisy Jim Morgan

Wherever he goes, this ex-cabinet minister leaves aching eardrums. At the moment he's a dissenting backbencher in Premier Brian Peckford's PC government. He may rejoin the cabinet or cross the floor. Whatever he does is sure to be controversial

by Pat Roche

It was the stuff political drama is made of. A former minister of the Crown stood in the legislature and charged that his personal files had been destroyed without his knowledge or consent. The shredder, Jim Morgan thundered, had been running for days, devouring documents that accumulated while he was fisheries minister. And while he wouldn't make allegations, he said what was in the files could have embarrassed the federal and Newfoundland governments.

But what at first sounded like a major scandal soon began to sound more like routine housekeeping. The files had been disposed of in the same way all old government files are disposed of when no longer current: originals were filed in the department registry and superfluous copies were destroyed. And the shredded files, said the deputy minister and secretary who had served under Morgan when he was fisheries minister, could be reconstructed by copying those in the registry.



PAT FENNELLY

Morgan: in politics for good, but on whose side?

But Morgan insisted some files contained personal notes that could not be found elsewhere. And he said certain files could have aided an RCMP investigation into alleged bribe-taking by federal fisheries observers aboard foreign trawlers.

But exactly what was in the files that could strike terror into the hearts of two governments? Morgan wouldn't say. After dominating the headlines and airwaves for weeks, the controversial Tory backbencher refused to name names or cite facts.

The files affair was only one of many in the life and times of Jim Morgan, Newfoundland's loudest politician. As a member of the House of Assembly, the 45-

year-old electronics technician, school teacher and part-time country and western singer has always sought headlines. He jumped into the fray right after he was elected in 1972 on the Tory tide that swept away Joey Smallwood's Liberal dynasty. Unlike most political neophytes on the government side who are content to be seen and not heard, Morgan's bellowing reverberated through the chamber as he took on various opposition members, or threw in his two cents worth on every issue.

A native of Flat Islands, Bonavista Bay, Morgan is the quintessential rural populist who drops his h's and raises his voice. He loves being photographed and as a cabinet minister was forever phoning newsrooms to announce something or to attack someone.

Some have suggested that when Morgan was appointed to the cabinet in 1975, it was because then-premier Frank Moores feared that impatience and ambition might tempt him to redirect his interminable verbal bombardment at the government front benches. As a cabinet minister, Morgan went to bat for Moores and later Premier Brian Peckford. Among his favorite targets were the CBC and Richard Cashin, president of the Newfoundland fishermen's union.

Last summer when Richard Cashin was first expected to seek the provincial Liberal leadership and later to run in last September's federal election it was Jim Morgan who attacked Cashin's credibility. He shouted that Cashin was "blinded" by his support for the Liberals. Cashin should resign, he said, and "carry on his work as a politician instead of on the backs of the fishermen."

Morgan has left eardrums aching elsewhere as well. In 1983 he blasted the province's near-bankrupt deep sea fish company for lack of coordination and poor marketing. His shouting prompted Bill Wells, who then headed the processors' association and is now a vice-president of Fishery Products International, to call for Morgan's removal from the fisheries portfolio. The normally polite lawyer dismissed Morgan as "a bionic mouth which is not attached to any intelligent life form."

Morgan was sometimes in the headlines for reasons that left people wondering how he managed to stay in the cabinet. He once embarrassed the government by getting into a public row with another controversy-prone cabinet minister, Tom Hickey, while then-premier Moores was

out of the province. To the amusement of local reporters, the two hurled childish insults at each other until Moores returned to silence them.

During his tenure as transportation minister, Morgan ended up in hot water for awarding a construction contract without calling public tenders in a district where a byelection was pending. As fisheries minister he once told an offensive joke about a "nigger" at an international conference where a black woman represented a major U.S. fish buyer.

Morgan's longevity as a cabinet minister used to be attributed to his throwing his support behind frontrunner Brian Peckford in the provincial Conservative leadership race in which he himself was a candidate. Morgan has also been described as a hard worker, and — while he was in cabinet, at least — no one doubted his fierce loyalty to his boss — first Moores and then Peckford.

But when the fisheries minister was found guilty last October of attempting to fish illegally (earning him the nickname "Jigger Jim" in some Newfoundland households), Premier Peckford apparently decided it was pitching time. Morgan's resignation from the cabinet was offered and accepted. But he kept his seat in the House, launched an appeal (which was still pending at press time), and later said he expected to be reappointed to the cabinet.

Peckford sent out a different signal. Shortly after Morgan was convicted, the premier said through a spokesman that Morgan appeared to have violated the government's conflict-of-interest guidelines by accepting a free helicopter ride on his fateful fishing trip.

Morgan remained patient for a few months. But when he was again omitted from the cabinet after last April's general election, he said publicly that he should have been reappointed. Soon afterwards he announced his files — files he claimed would embarrass the government — had been secretly shredded.

Whether Morgan will eventually return to the cabinet remains to be seen. It was undoubtedly after much deliberation that Peckford decided to omit him, for it placed the former minister in the worst possible position, from the government's point of view: as a dissenter within government with tales to tell and the media there to report them. And with no election likely before 1988, he can take his time about crossing the floor of the legislature, if that's what he decides.

Whatever he decides, the pipe-smoking, fastidiously dressed Morgan is likely to be part of Newfoundland's political landscape for a while yet. On the day he was convicted of attempting to jig salmon and resigned from the cabinet, he said: "I'm a politician and I've no intention of resigning from the career of politics. I like politics and I'm remaining in politics." That's an unnerving prospect. ☒

Watching ice from the sky

With the help of side-looking airborne radar, ice detection on the Grand Banks has reached new heights. But the search goes on for technology that will make oil drilling safer

by Pat Roche

In dense fog, an oil rig is moored by two of its 12 anchors. The big semisubmersible is almost motionless in five-foot waves — a gentle swell by Grand Banks standards. It should be drilling, but instead it's disconnected from its wellhead, waiting.

Sixteen thousand feet above, in brilliant sunshine, a twin-engine plane with a powerful radar antenna suspended from its fuselage is crisscrossing the sky. The aircraft is busy for the same reason the rig is idle and ready to move. A cluster of icebergs about 25 kilometres to the north is slowly zigzagging its way southward.

Aboard the aircraft, targets picked up by the radar appear on instantly printed photographs. An ice analyst studies the pictures. Using data from the plane's navigating system, he plots the icebergs on a hand-drawn map. This map is immediately beamed down to the rigs by radio-linked facsimile copiers.



From the air: iceberg drifting through bergy bits and slush

The aircraft is operated by F.G. Bercha and Associates Ltd., under contract to several oil companies drilling on the Grand Banks southeast of Newfoundland. Bercha is probably the only private company in the world monitoring icebergs on a day-to-day basis. It is essential that rig operators have the most up-to-date information on where every piece of the ice is — not only for safety reasons, but also for planning purposes. Before beginning activities that cannot be interrupted easily, such as installing pipe casings down a drillhole, an operator must be certain

that he will not have to disconnect and move because of approaching icebergs.

Although the International Ice Patrol, which is operated primarily by the U.S. coast guard, and the federal Atmospheric Environment Service also track icebergs, they cover a vast area and don't always have the kind of detailed information the oil companies want. The Bercha aircraft flies at night and in almost all weather, sometimes twice daily. Each flight covers 1,600 kilometres.

As the plane flies over the Grand Banks, its radar sweeps over a 25-kilometre swatch on each side of its flight path. It uses a side-looking airborne radar, or "SLAR," as it is commonly called, which "looks" only to each side. The older marine-type radar with the revolving dish covers 360 degrees in each sweep but gives far less detail.

While the aircraft is in the air, the radar sends out a pulse in a direction perpendicular to the aircraft's course. Each pulse bounces off whatever it comes in contact with, and the reflected signals are picked up by receiver antennas. These signals combine to form a picture that looks very much like a black-and-white photograph.

SLAR is more sensitive than marine radar but it has its limitations: it doesn't detect the smaller targets.

"It's probably best to say we are not close to finding every piece of ice," says Richard Worsfold, an ocean engineer with

Bercha Associates. With no wave action at all, SLAR can detect some one-metre targets — that is, objects that make a metre-long "hole" in the water. But that would depend on their shape, for one thing. A buoy reflects radar waves better than a similar-size piece of ice because of the way it sits in the water. With present SLAR capabilities, there is at least a 50-50 chance of finding a five-metre piece of ice in all but the most severe sea conditions, Worsfold says.

Small bergs (about the size of houses) and bergy bits (cabin size) can usually be


detected. Smaller, piano-sized pieces called "growlers" are harder to find. While improved technology may eventually solve this problem, experiments are still being done to find out how to detect the most targets with existing equipment. For instance, at what altitude and in what direction should an aircraft fly to detect the most pieces of ice, given a certain sea state and certain weather conditions? To find out, the aircraft has to make several passes over a given area, each time varying its altitude and direction. The number of targets spotted each time are then compared. Worsfold feels it will take about two years to come up with a set of guidelines that tell a pilot how to detect the greatest number of radar targets in all possible sea and weather conditions.

New technology for ice detection is also being developed. In St. John's, the Centre for Cold Ocean Resources and Engineering (C-CORE) is working on an over-the-horizon radar that would monitor ice conditions hundreds of kilometres away. Its low-frequency waves would follow the curvature of the earth for long distances to reflect off targets and return along the same curvature. Standard marine radar can only "see" as far as the horizon because its waves travel in a straight line, as do SLAR waves.

Although over-the-horizon radar had previously been used to measure ocean surface currents and wave heights, C-CORE was first to adapt it to ice detection. "We know that it will detect ice; this has been proven in experiments," says John Walsh, an engineering professor at Memorial University and technical director of C-CORE's remote sensing program.

C-CORE hopes to have two such radars in use in about three years. One, a shore-based device, would "look" out to sea, possibly as far as the Hibernia oil field, about 300 kilometres from St. John's. The other would be stationed on a rig or production platform. Walsh hopes it will eventually detect five- to 10-metre ice targets at 20 to 25 kilometres, and 20-metre targets at 200 kilometres.

Two field experiments proved encouraging, and others are planned. One is slated for late summer on a yet unselected small island. And within a year a prototype is expected to be installed on an oil rig.

While ice reconnaissance has been going on for years, it has become increasingly important since rigs began drilling for oil around icebergs. Traditionally, most ships just wanted to know where the southern limit of the ice was so they could avoid it. Now efforts are being made to do more than that. Techniques used in recent years off Newfoundland, such as iceberg towing, were the first attempts ever made to actually manage icebergs, instead of merely avoiding them. And iceberg-watching will become yet more important with the planned recovery of oil from Hibernia. 

CELEBRATIONS



PHOTOS BY DAN GALBRAITH

Saint John has a mighty bash

With the Canada Summer Games this month, Saint John's summer-long bicentennial celebrations reach a crowning peak. And now that it's come out of its shell, Canada's first city is determined that its new spirit won't die with 1985

by Michael Prini

It started in 1785 — although at that time there was a bit of a flap about it. New Brunswick's governor, Colonel Thomas Carleton, ordered Parrtown on one side of the harbor joined with Carleton on the other to create Saint John — not knowing that he didn't have the power to issue the Royal charter to do such a thing. The king was not amused, but he relented and let Canada's first city charter stand.

A good thing too because it would have spoiled a marvellous party 200 years later. This is Saint John's year to howl. It's doing that under the slogan "200 years proud" in a summer-long bash crowned by the staging of the Canada Summer Games this month.

It wasn't by accident that the "200 years proud" slogan was chosen. It was the brainchild of an American consultant who had turned around Buffalo, N.Y. with its "Talking Proud" campaign. Like Buffalo, Saint John has long had a problem with — for want of a better word — its image. For decades, Saint Johners were defensive about their city. They had much to be defensive about. Some sections were undoubtedly ugly. But the duckling of the past has been transformed into something swan-like. And Saint Johners want the whole world to know it — including any

remaining local self-doubters.

Peter Garner, executive director of the Bicentennial Committee, says that when planning started five years ago, a mail survey to gauge the public mood was conducted. "We found an underlying pride in the city but a great reluctance to talk about it. Saint Johners have kept quiet in the face of criticism." No more. Civic pride is busting out all over.

The big birthday bash started the week of May 13 with Mayor Elsie Wayne officially proclaiming the commencement of the celebrations during a session of Common Council. Then came a week of parties, dances, parades, tattoos and more magic shows than you could wave a wand at. Topping off the week was a giant fireworks display over the harbor. The party was well and truly launched.

The Canada Summer Games, Aug. 11-24 is the crowning glory of the bicentennial. This is the fifth staging of the games, and expected to be the largest. Planning started in the early 70s. An unsuccessful bid in 1977 saw the event go to St. John's, Nfld. Saint John then made up a new bid book and made Fredericton the loser this time around. That in itself was no small source of pride. Rightly or



Premier Hatfield and company at opening ceremonies for the Canada Games Stadium

CELEBRATIONS



Athletes test the new Canada Games Stadium during a competition in June

wrongly, Saint John has always felt that the capital city looked down its smaller but prettier nose at its neighbor.

Some 3,400 young athletes from across the country will compete in 18 sports during the two weeks of the games. A new, 400-metre, all-weather track and field facility has been built at the Saint John campus of the University of New Brunswick. The \$9 million Canada Games Aquatic Centre, as much a legacy to the city as the track, has been in place for some time now. Improvements have been made at other sport locations throughout the city. Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and Governor General Jeanne Sauve will be on hand for the opening ceremonies.

The only bicentennial idea that fizzled out was a request to have a stamp issued commemorating both the first mayor of Saint John and the present chief magistrate. Canada Post informed the city that to be depicted on a stamp the person must be dead, the only exception being royalty. Although Mayor Wayne concedes she misses on both counts, she's annoyed that a stamp of some sort wasn't issued to celebrate the birth of Canada's first city. "They give a stamp to every nook and cranny in this country, and not to Saint John." She attributes the "slip-up" to Ottawa's view of the Maritimes as being Halifax and little else. "They're neophytes out there. Ottawa wouldn't be

there if it wasn't for Saint John." (The Loyalists and all that, you know.)

But most Saint Johners will forget that blow to civic pride in the wake of all the activities. The mid-summer highlight was the annual Loyalist Days, July 21-27. Throughout the summer the city's recreation and parks department are staging some 70 concerts and other series of concerts are being held in churches and in public squares. Saint John this summer is truly alive with the sound of music.

Coinciding with the games are two other major festivals, one national and one local. Festival by the Sea, hosted by the Canada Summer Games, will feature about 300 performers from across Canada presenting music, dance and theatre throughout the city. The Acadian Festival of Saint John will be held from Aug. 13-18.

The hoopla, of course, has to end at some point. And that concerns some of the people involved in organizing the celebrations. Peter Garner says the hospitality industry is worried about the vacuum that will be left when the party's over. "Our main task now is to see if civic organizations will continue on with the events the Bicentennial Committee has been staging." He fears that Saint John may lose its new-found spirit "if somebody isn't there to urge it along."

Saint John this year is showing Canada — and itself — that it has the right stuff. The challenge is to weather the hangover.

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BARRETT MACKAY



Darkness falls over lighthouses

Automation is quickly taking over the lighthouses of Atlantic Canada. But except in isolated instances, there's no plan to preserve some of them. Pity

by Steve Jennex

There's something infinitely romantic about lighthouses and those who man them — the heroic isolation, the never-ending dedication to duty, the white clapboard house and its tapering turret, the winking beacon knifing its way through the mist and spray. Since 1733, when Canada's first lighthouse was constructed at Louisbourg, N.S., the life-saving lights have ushered mariners past the shoals of Atlantic Canada. Now, technology is making lighthouses a thing of the past and unless steps are taken to preserve some of them, they will become a fading memory, destined to be lost forever to posterity.

Leila Mae White, 83, knows how the past can be obliterated by the demand of progress. A resident of East Jeddore on Nova Scotia's eastern shore, she remembers the original lighthouse on Jeddore Rock. "You couldn't get to it," she says, "but it was beautiful to see at sunrise." As a little girl she met the keeper and his family and lived to see the old house dismantled and its pieces flown from the island by helicopter several years ago. Jeddore Light is now automated. The Jeddore story is typical.

As lighthouses age, their upkeep costs increase. Fewer people will endure the isolation. The Coast Guard, which maintains them, naturally enough often replaces the picturesque lighthouse with a buoy or skeleton tower. Although the Dartmouth branch of the Coast Guard still oversees 27 manned Nova Scotia lighthouses, rising costs, vandalism and lack of repair parts all contribute to the decision to phase out the older lights.

But phasing out doesn't have to mean wiping out. In Prince Edward Island, for example, a community organization has restored the light at West Point. It remains operational but is also open for tourists. In New Brunswick, where only 14 of 44 lights remain untouched by automation, the light at St. Martins has been reconstructed and the town of Newcastle is trying to save wooden lighthouses in the Miramichi area. Unfortunately, in Newfoundland which has 55 lighthouses, and in Nova Scotia no effort at preservation is being made.

It's not as if old lighthouses have been entirely ignored. Neils Jannasch, former director of the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic in Halifax, did his best to acquire lighthouse pieces for his museum. "We've got samples of lighthouse memorabilia — the big lens from Sambro, burners and reflectors," he says. "But there's a big difference between lighthouse equipment here and a lighthouse located on a scenic point on the coast."

The N.S. Department of Tourism likes to boast of the province's scenic light-

houses. Its *Nova Scotia Travel Guide* says: "The lighthouses that dot Nova Scotia's south shore give this 363 km (227 mi.) trunk route its name, the Lighthouse Route." But the route has only eight lighthouses, most of them inaccessible, and few open to visitors.

Coast Guard officials deny responsibility for preservation. "We're not in the tourist business. It isn't our problem, we just automate," says one. "No one really cares (about the lighthouses)." David E. Stephens, author of the 1973 book *Lighthouses of Nova Scotia*, agrees that the mandate of the Department of Transport is to provide a service to mariners to ensure safe sea travel, while keeping costs to a minimum. Stephens thinks the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic should be doing more to preserve this important part of the province's history. He says the museum won't preserve a lighthouse because its officials can't get one on the museum's attractive site on the Halifax waterfront. Jannasch, on the other hand, defends the museum on the basis of lack of funds: "We only have so much money. We can't save them all." Which begs the question: Why not save at least one of them?

Jurisdiction is part of the problem. Lighthouses are federal property. Asks Jannasch, "Can a province of only 860,000 or so people (Nova Scotia) afford to preserve federal property?" Part of the answer may lie in co-operation between the federal government and the province. A lighthouse could remain manned and functioning but also serve as an open museum with the combined funds of the Department of Transport and the Museum of the Atlantic keeping the light functioning. "This has been suggested," says Stephens, "but that would mean co-operation between two levels of government. Good luck."

Stephens also believes the private sector has a role to play. He points out that there are more than 30 historical societies and associations in Nova Scotia, but not one exists to ensure preservation of lighthouses. Again, however, the money problem: "Historic groups in Nova Scotia have to be among the poorest groups in the world," he says.

Meanwhile, the old lighthouses are slowly disappearing. Soon the point of no return will be reached, and it will change from a question of preserving to one of rebuilding. Perhaps the advertisement for the Sou'wester restaurant and gift shop at Peggy's Cove says it best. "Our attractive, fully licensed restaurant is situated at the top of the hill near the famous Peggy's Cove lighthouse which also serves as the village Post Office (cancellation depicts lighthouse)." Alas, it's the lighthouse and not the stamp that's in danger of being cancelled. ☒

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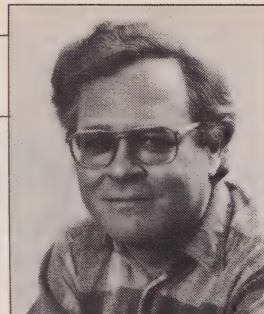
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Why can't the Leisure Crisis get here a whole lot faster?



I await my confrontation with the dreaded Leisure Crisis. Indeed, I have been expecting it to come and get me for exactly two decades. For 1965 was not just the year The Rolling Stones first sang, "I can't get no satisfaction," and Timothy Leary, prophet of hallucinogenic drugs, urged the world to "drop out, turn on, tune in." It was also a year in which a wailing chorus of sociologists, philosophers, educationists and, ugh, "recreationists" and "leisurists" warned tens of millions of us ill-prepared dullards that, unless we smartened up fast, we'd never be able to cope with all the spare time we were about to endure. We'd go bananas or become zombies, glued to television while tyrants took over our governments. Democracy would die of boredom.

The argument went like this: the inhuman co-operation of automated machinery and electronic computers would produce The Cybernation Revolution. It promised, for the first time in history, material abundance unrelated to human labor. "The truth, the central stupendous truth about developed countries today," U Thant, Secretary-General of the United Nations, said, "is that they can have, in anything but the shortest run, the kind and scale of resources they decide to have . . . This is the fundamental revolutionary change, perhaps the most revolutionary mankind has ever known."

"Before the end of this decade," New York economist Robert Theobald promised in the '60s, "it will be cheaper and more effective to carry out the vast majority of repetitive physical and mental tasks with the aid of machines rather than men. At this point, the industrial system will no longer function because the fundamental social and political requirements for its continuance will no longer exist." The North American industrial system, if Theobald had been right, should have vanished 15 years ago. How come it's still around?

It was in the mid '60s, too, that Richard Bellman, an opinionated mathematician at the huge Rand Corp., said that within 25 years, *at the outside*, two per cent of the U.S. population would be able to produce all the goods that the other 98 per cent could possibly consume. So it's right about now that the United States should be moving into an age in which 98 per cent of the population need produce nothing. That's funny, I could have sworn I read only the other day that U.S. unemployment stood at 7.2 per cent.

But supposing a society in which hardly anyone ever went to work had come

true. A just system of parcelling out the goodies and necessities of life would surely have meant that humankind, in North America at any rate, had at last achieved something close to utopia. We would be enjoying the happy condition that British essayist Richard Jeffries wished upon us a century ago: "I hope that nine tenths of their time will be leisure time; that they may enjoy their days, and the earth, and the beauty of this beautiful world; that they may rest by the sea and dream; that they may dance and sing, and eat and drink."

*I'm still awaiting
the chance to
prove that I
can sit on my
butt indefinitely
without
endangering society*

The learned folk who fretted about The Leisure Crisis in 1965, however, warned that without work to keep life interesting we'd all be infected by boredom such as we'd never known before. "The danger is," A.R.C. Duncan, a scholar at Queen's University warned, "that men and women may turn simply to play and the watching of play, and then deep-rooted boredom may set in, and with boredom a really dangerous kind of political discontent may develop which might spell the end of democracy as we know and value it. This has happened before in history, and there is no reason to suppose that it cannot happen again today."

American social observer Clifton Fadiman put it this way: "It doesn't take a psychologist to predict that if we try to fill this leisure time by putting a small white ball into a slightly larger hole or gawking at television crooners, we will as a people go quietly or noisily nuts." Moreover, cautioned U.S. educator William Russell, "Too much leisure with too much money has been the dread of societies across the ages. That is when nations cave

in. That is when they fall."

So there you have it. That's what The Leisure Crisis was all about. It was so serious that the playwright and radio personality Jean Shepherd, with tongue only half in cheek, asked readers of *Playboy* (March, 1965), "Do you know there are camps where you can send your child for two weeks of work? They even have little canning factories where the kid has to work the machines. I think this is the coming thing. I think eventually there will be places where you'd spend three dollars an hour to go and grind the valves on a '37 Chevy, or do some coal-mining with a pick."

Sounding far less playful, political scientist James. C. Charlesworth talked about the need to stimulate dangerous "inerts" — the kind of people who do nothing until they threaten democracy — to self-improvement: "Most people do not know what they want when it comes to developing their intellects, their personalities and their bodies. They should be encouraged or *compelled* (italics mine) to learn to like things they presently dislike."

Since this sounded pretty ominous, I wrote two articles for *Saturday Night* about the horrors of the coming Leisure Crisis. In the *Toronto Star*, my friend Robert Fulford gently put me down: "Harry got so worked up about this leisure problem he wrote a two-part series on it . . . Harry was working pretty hard at the time, and had to put in a couple of weekends on his series. He told how everybody was going to have all this time on his hands in the near future. Then Harry changed jobs. He got a much bigger one, with a bigger magazine, and he had to work twice as hard. He's hardly had a weekend off since. But I suspect that any day now he'll assign some writer to go out and explore the immensity of this leisure problem that faces us all."

Ouch. I was 30 then. Now I'm 50. I'm still working my arse off. But only last year a U.S. professor, one T. Stonier, predicted, "It is highly probable that by early in the next century it will require no more than 10 per cent of the labor force to provide us all with our material needs." If he's right, immense social problems will afflict us all. Still, I've heard that before, a long time ago, and I'm still awaiting the chance to prove that I can sit on my butt indefinitely without once endangering society. To paraphrase Justice Minister John Crosbie, who was responding to Grit taunts, "Here I am, Leisure Crisis. Come and get me. I'm ready for you." ☒

Innovating in Lunenburg

Starting with ship repairs after World War Two, the Eisenhauers of Lunenburg, N.S., have moved into a wide variety of high tech products, thanks to constant innovation. They've shown it can happen here

Technological innovation" is one of those buzzwords in government and business circles that raises images of computer wizards in California's Silicon Valley or robots frenetically assembling Hondas in Tokyo factories. Atlantic Canadians are supposed to have forgotten how to do it since they stopped building schooners 100 years ago. Government programs for economic development here almost invariably rely on big firms from outside the region to stimulate this moribund practice of innovation — for example, Nova Scotia's ambitious plans for industrial spinoffs from Pratt and Whitney's new plant in Halifax's Aerotech Park.

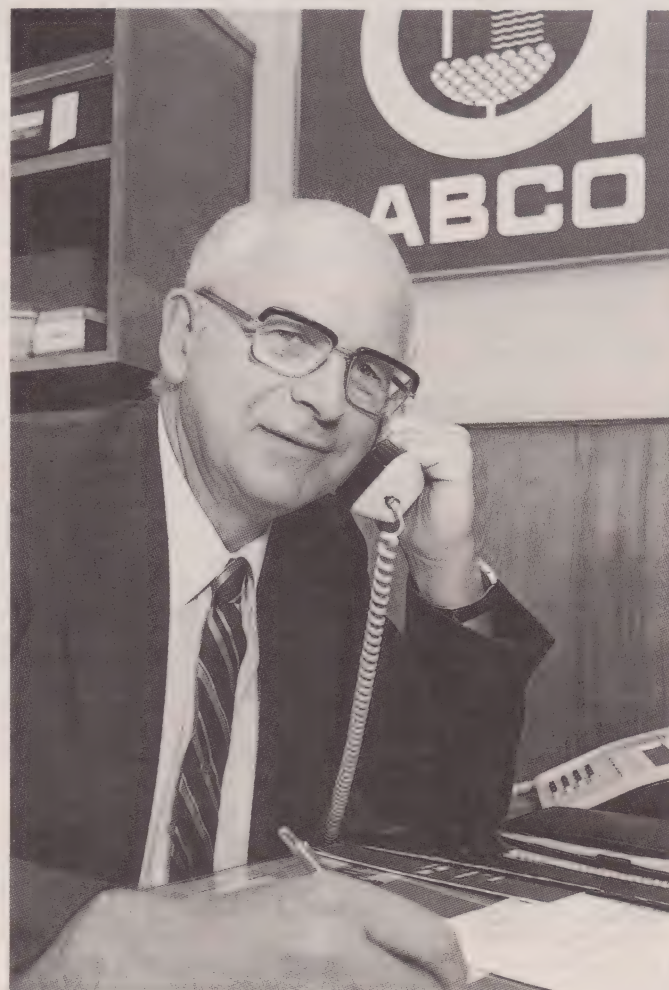
One Atlantic manufacturer who neither fits nor accepts the stereotype is Andrew Eisenhauer, president of Abco Plastics in Lunenburg, N.S. "Over 80 per cent of our sales are abroad, all in engineering products," he points out. "When we have to develop new products we do our own research and development here." Eisenhauer, a tall man in his 60s looks a bit like the former American president. There's a family connection. "Around 1750 there were four Eisenhauer brothers in Lunenburg, so the story goes," says Andrew's brother Martin, who is president of Abco Ltd., the parent firm. "Three stayed here and one went to Pennsylvania. Ike was a descendant of that branch of the family."

An amiable man — "one of the last real gentlemen" some associates call him — Andrew Eisenhauer and his family are also tough entrepreneurs and skilled engineers with an enduring interest in promoting industrial growth in the region. The Eisenhauers can point to Abco's 38 years of achievement to back their claim that Atlantic Canadians can compete with the world's best in new product innovation.

Abco Industries, managed by Andrew's son Jim, produces everything from ventilation ducting for Montreal Metro to blueberry sorters for local farmers, and has an engineering division that custom designs products for customers around the world. Back in the 1960s Abco was the tenth largest manufacturer of yachts in North America, a business Eisenhauer sold off as Abco moved into new fields.

In 1956 Abco — Lunenburg people still prefer to use its original name, Atlantic Bridge Co. — began developing a plastics division from the ground up, manu-

facturing fiberglass reinforced pipe and now is one of the biggest exporters in the field in Canada. In the 1970s when the Carter administration in the U.S. initiated programs to control industrial pollution and acid rain, Abco moved into production of flue gas desulfurization pipes — "scrubbers" — for coal-fired generators. The company became a major supplier to some of the largest American utilities, including the Tennessee Valley Authority and the huge New Jersey Public Utilities system. In a bitterly competitive field, up against giant U.S. firms like Bechtel, Babcock and Wilcox, and Black and Veatch, Abco picked up eight per cent of the market for scrubbers: not bad for a company with only 200 employees in Nova Scotia's hinterland.



Andrew Eisenhauer: engineer, entrepreneur, gentleman

When Ronald Reagan began dismantling pollution regulations, Abco had to diversify quickly. "We had chemical- and corrosion-resistant pipe for years in our plastics business, but hadn't done much with it," Andrew Eisenhauer recalls. "It's a tough market but we've been increasing volume." To coordinate sales in the U.S., Abco Plastics set up a branch in Avalon, Conn. Abco's total sales in 1984 were \$12 million, about two-thirds in plastic pipe.

Abco's headquarters in Lunenburg — the plastics plant is in nearby Mahone Bay — doesn't look much like a centre of industrial innovation: a ring of one-story red-frame buildings on Lunenburg harbor. The sign over the gate reads "Camp Norway."

The buildings and the sign are all that remain of a forgotten episode in Maritime history. "When Norway was overrun in World War Two, its whaling fleet was in the South Atlantic," Andrew explains. "The Norwegian government-in-exile brought the whalers to Lunenburg and bought the property to train them as commandos. Unfortunately, most of them were killed on the Atlantic before they could get home." In 1947 the Canadian government, which used the facilities for

ship refitting, auctioned the property off. The Eisenhauer brothers, Lunenburg natives who had been trained as marine engineers, joined with another local businessman to acquire the site.

"We did the things we knew about — ship repairs, wharf and breakwater repairs," Andrew says. "Then around 1949 we moved into fish processing equipment." This was the first step in what was to be a career of continuous diversification and innovation. "We started with development of fish processing equipment, but I felt that Nova Scotians should be doing more research of their own. When we moved into plastics, we started going from what almost anybody could do into real research and development,

PETER BASS

A Newfoundland doctor's touch turns cod into crab

Artificial crab and scallops have become big consumer items in Canada, but until recently they were imported. Newfoundland's brash Dr. Cosmas Ho is changing that with a product named Seafood-Ho!

by Pat Roche

How do you sell codfish that no one wants — and for \$5 a pound at that? Turn it into crab — artificial crab, of course. The Japanese do it. And now so does the ebullient Dr. Cosmas Ho — fish plant owner, physician and Newfoundland's first acupuncturist.

It happens at Dr. Ho's Terra Nova Fishery at Clarenville, some 110 miles from St. John's up the Trans Canada Highway. Inside the plant, workers feed fresh cod fillets into a mincing tank at one end of an array of stainless steel tubes and containers. As it passes through a series of tanks, the minced fish undergoes an elaborate washing and straining process. Every minute speck of skin, bone, fat and blood is removed. Also removed is the enzyme that gives fish its fishy taste and odor. What is left is pure protein. This bland white paste is mixed with sugar and sorbitol, a substance that maintains freshness, is molded into 10-kilogram blocks and then frozen to await its final transformation.

The bland paste is surimi, a traditional Japanese food. It's not much in itself, but just about anything can be made from it. The finished products — and in Japan there are some 60 of them, including bread, sausages and noodles — are called kamaboko.

Terra Nova Fishery makes most of its surimi in June and July when inshore cod landings are highest. With three shifts working, the plant can process 160,000 pounds of cod (live weight) into surimi in 24 hours. A few dozen people are employed year round turning the frozen surimi into imitation crab.

The surimi blocks are removed from the freezers as needed, pureed, and mixed with other ingredients in a big stainless steel vat. The exact recipe is a company secret, but it includes potato starch and frozen egg whites which improve texture and binding. Also added is artificial flavoring imported from Japan.

The ingredients are mixed into a thick paste. This is shaped into a smooth sheet which is carried on a stainless steel belt through a series of ovens where it is partially cooked. It then passes through a row of blades, each a few millimetres apart. These cut it partially through, giving it the slightly stringy texture of shellfish muscle.

and engineering." The biggest boost came in the 1960s with federal programs like the Industrial Research Assistance Program. "We could get better staff for research through these shared-cost programs," he says. Today Abco has a research team of eight engineers — "apart from Hermes Electronics and Internav, we have the highest R and D activity in the province."

Abco also makes full use of research institutes in the region when doing new product development. "They're very good if you can access them for information vital to your product line," Andrew says. "There's a lot of interaction here with places like the Bedford Institute." Andrew himself has played a major role in promoting industrial research locally, chairing the Atlantic Advisory Committee of the National Research Council.

At a time when government gets a lot of criticism from the business community, Eisenhauer takes an unorthodox line. "Our Mahone Bay plastics plant wouldn't exist without the R and D help from government programs like IRAP," he says. "Government can't do the new product development but it can, and does, create the climate to encourage it."

The abrupt collapse of the U.S. market for scrubbers and the recession hit Abco hard in the early 1980s. A number of ancillary operations were closed down or sold off and the company was reorganized. But the Eisenhauers managed to hang on and have moved into a new field since 1979, food processing equipment. With help from researchers at Agriculture Canada's Kentville station, Abco developed a vegetable blancher, a device about 30 feet long and 10 feet high that cooks vegetables through a steam heat process. "Our process uses 10 per cent of the energy of normal hot water blanchers and produces only 10 per cent of the waste effluent," Eisenhauer maintains. A prototype blancher was sold to the Alberta Correctional Institute and the company has buyers lined up in Australia and New Zealand as well as the U.S. Abco won awards for its blancher from the American Food Processing Magazine and the Canadian Institute of Food Science and Technology.

The company is working now on developing an automatic scallop shucker. "A lot of people have tried, but we think we have a working model," says Eisenhauer. The shucker should be in production in two years. Meanwhile Abco has branched into real estate with a \$6 million project for a marina, condominiums and offices on the site of the old Acadia Gas Engines Co. in nearby Bridgewater, which Abco once used for manufacturing fishing gear.

Without their commitment to innovation it's doubtful if the Eisenhauers could have survived. And underlying that commitment is another one: a strong loyalty to their community. "We're here because we like it here," Andrew says. "We do what we have to do to stay here and keep our business here."



Dr. Ho: man of many parts

The sheets are then either shredded or rolled into sticks about the thickness of crabs' legs. Red coloring is mixed with some surimi and applied sparingly to a continuous sheet of plastic which wraps around the rolled surimi. The roll is cut into uniform lengths that go into a steamer to finish cooking. After cooling in a wind tunnel, the "crab sticks" are vacuum packed and readied for shipping.

Dr. Ho got into the fish medical practice in 1979. Initially, his company produced dried squid. A native of Hong Kong who came to Newfoundland in 1962, Dr. Ho says his

A profit at last: NatSea pokes its head above water

After two-year losses of \$36 million, National Sea Products turned a \$4.9 million profit in the first quarter of 1985. Does this mean that the company — and the fishery generally — are reviving from their slump?

by John Soosaar

knowledge of the Far East enabled him to identify potential markets in that part of the world. So Terra Nova spearheaded the export of Newfoundland dried squid to Hong Kong, Singapore and Japan. This briefly became a \$10-million-a-year business until a few years ago when squid stocks declined for reasons unknown.

Terra Nova began processing other species and Dr. Ho soon had his eye on surimi. He wanted to use cod as a base instead of pollock, which the Japanese use. Fishermen were having increasing problems selling the huge volumes of small fish landed in June and July during the cod trap season, and in many cases their catches had to be dumped. This fish was fresh enough, but too small to yield prime fillets. For surimi manufacturing, on the other hand, the size of the fillets doesn't matter, as long as they're fresh.

But surimi had never been made from cod before. Would it have the right texture and binding qualities? To find out, Dr. Ho hand made some surimi in 1983 and sent it to Japan for testing. The result? "The surimi made from cod was beautiful," he recalls. "Our codfish surimi has even better texture than the American pollock."

Aided by a \$280,000 federal government grant, Terra Nova Fishery imported \$1.2-million worth of equipment from Japan, and last year its simulated crab became the first — and is so far the only — made-in-Canada kamoboko.

The "crab-flavored cod," as the label describes it, went on sale in Newfoundland and some parts of the Atlantic Provinces last year under Terra Nova's own brand name, "Seafood-Ho!"

Before the end of the year, the company signed a deal with Kraft Ltd. that gives the multinational food company worldwide marketing rights. The eight-ounce frozen packs bearing the Kraft label are sold in some Canadian urban centres. In the Atlantic Provinces, it still sells under the Seafood-Ho! brand name, frozen or vacuum packed, in sticks or shredded.

Dr. Ho believes simulated crab will claw out its own market niche. To start with, there's the cost factor: at around \$5 a pound, it's about half the price of real crab. Then there's the convenience factor — a major consideration where the microwave generation is concerned. The current trend in the North American food industry is toward finger foods, and Dr. Ho is sure his ready-to-serve "crab" sticks will fit the bill. Kamaboko has a refrigerated shelf life of several days, unlike real crab. Dr. Ho also hopes to capitalize on the current nutrition craze. "Codfish is very low fat, low calorie, high protein. Crab itself is very high cholesterol."

He also thinks it appeals to another kind of consumer — one who doesn't like fish — because his product doesn't have a strong fishy taste. And if the success of other Kraft foods is any indication, a little bit of blandness will never go astray where the North American palate is concerned.

It's only three short blocks from Scotia Square in downtown Halifax to Purdy's Wharf, but National Sea Products hopes that the move of its corporate offices to the gleaming new waterfront complex is symbolic of better times in store. In an industry as troubled as the fishery, more than new offices are needed to turn horrendous losses into healthy profits. Still and all, this spring's move did coincide with an announcement to shareholders that the company had turned a profit for the first quarter of 1985.

The \$4.9 million profit continued an upward trend begun in late 1984 and was an indication that the debt-plagued Atlantic fishery, in financial crisis since 1980, may be taking its first tentative steps toward solvency. While industry insiders held their breath, even NatSea shareholders were warned by president W.O. Morrow that they should not expect this trend would necessarily carry through the remainder of the year.

Nevertheless, after losses of nearly \$19 million in 1984 and over \$17 million the previous year, Morrow told them the company was now better able to cope with market adversity than it had been for some time. This is partly because it has sold or closed a number of marginal plants and an insurance company, streamlined management and undertaken to market new product lines aggressively.

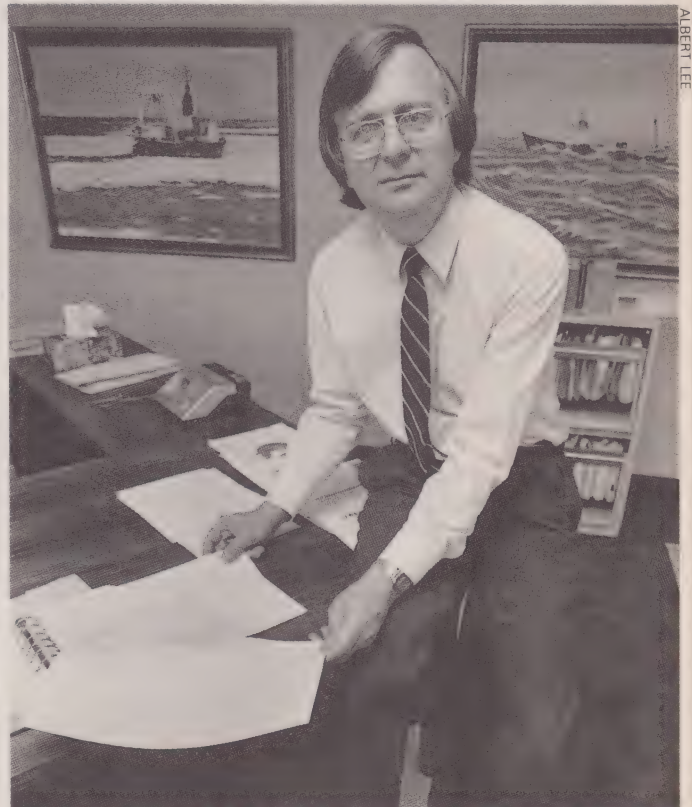
The restructured company which has emerged from the chaos of the years since 1980 now appears imbued with a new determination to succeed despite continued depressed markets, a strong U.S. dollar and weak European currencies which present a challenge to Canadian companies

in their most important market.

"It's fair to say we're trying to become a leaner and meaner operation now," says executive vice-president Gordon Cummings, recently appointed NatSea's chief operating officer responsible for procurement, production and marketing. The 45-year-old Montreal native, a former partner in the management consulting firm of Woods Gordon, did consulting work for the Kirby Commission on the Atlantic fishery and NatSea before joining the company in December 1984.

Cummings says the new management team under chairman David Hennigar is questioning everything done by the company in the past and taking the attitude that "we're going to win."

Hennigar's Scotia Investments holds 27 per cent of the company's shares and the Nova Scotia government 20 per cent under the 1984 restructuring in which NatSea took over a processing plant and 14 groundfish trawlers from its former owner H.B. Nickerson and Sons Ltd. A federal government bid to nationalize the



Cummings: a leaner and meaner operation

company was stopped by a group of minority shareholders.

"Between 1980 and 1984 National Sea was preoccupied with the question of ownership; Nickerson was in difficulty and National Sea was going to be nationalized," says Cummings in explaining some of the reasons for the company's decline. "It was not until March of 1984 that a significant amount of shareholder capital came in."

Of immediate concern for the company, which currently has assets of \$280 million, is the repayment of a short-term \$75 million loan to the Toronto Dominion Bank and \$25 million it owes the Nova Scotia government.

As a first step in its comeback, the company has sold or closed a number of unprofitable or marginal plants including two in Massachusetts, two in the Magdalen Islands, four in Nova Scotia and one on Prince Edward Island. It also sold McDermaid Agencies, an insurance brokerage business in Halifax.

To boost sales, Cummings says the company has launched several new product lines. The intent is to capitalize on the public's greater awareness of the benefits of seafood to good health, and also to move away from the traditional reliance on the marketplace eventually to turn around.

In Canada, the company recently introduced with good success a six-ounce fillet with light oriental breadcrumb coating under the Light Tonight label aimed at the young urban professional market. These people, says Hennigar, "demand and indeed expect a pleasant and changing eating experience."

The company has also broadened its non-seafood line to include chicken products for retail stores and institutions and is selling shrimp for a large Mexican company.

Consolidated sales in the first three months of this year were \$123.8 million compared with \$106.8 million in the same period last year.

"What we're trying to do is to substantially alter our product mix and to have a much broader offering of non-breaded, battered foods," says Cummings. "It's us managing our own fate rather than sitting around hoping someone else will solve our problems for us."

In the United States, where NatSea is the fourth largest supplier of fillets, the company is on a two- to three-year program to increase its market share. It's the only Canadian company competing in the American fresh fillet market. Last winter it supplied more than 100,000 pounds of fillets a week to Kruger department stores.

To further improve quality, the company has applied to Ottawa for permission to operate at least one factory freezer trawler. In the past the federal government has rejected the use of factory ships by Canadian companies because of the loss of shore-based processing jobs, but Sandy MacLean, Nova Scotia's deputy fisheries minister, says the marketplace now demands the higher quality product that

immediate processing at sea can provide.

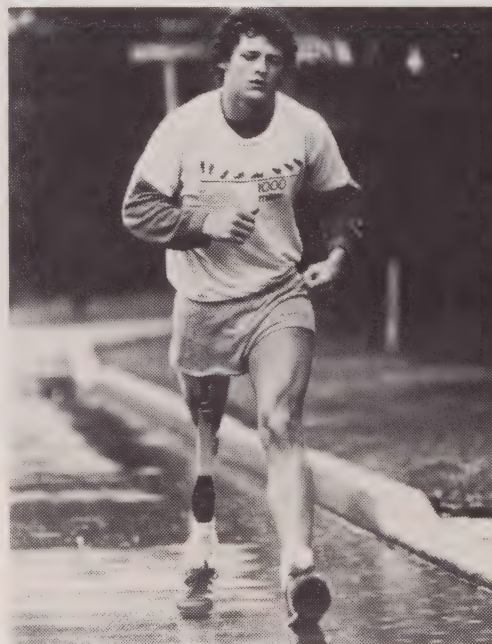
While NatSea appears to be making a slow recovery, company officials are now concerned about the threat of countervailing duties on their products in the U.S. market.

The Georges Bank decision by the World Court which cut New England fishermen out of the most lucrative section of their traditional fishing grounds incensed the Americans. Sam Parisi, chairman of the New England-based North Atlantic Task Force on Countervailing Duties, says imposing duties on Canadian-caught fish is the only way to strike back at the Canadian industry which U.S. fishermen consider heavily subsidized. He feels such tariffs would eventually bring

Canadian officials around to renegotiate the Georges Bank decision.

NatSea considers the threat of duties serious, says Cummings, because although it does not believe it would be found to have violated U.S. regulations the investigation would be time consuming and expensive.

"We look at the pork producers who spent over a million dollars defending themselves and lost the case. We look at the lumber people who spent three million and are still not finished. We've been trying to keep our skirts cleaner than pristine white so that even if we get into an investigation we'll be as clean as clean can be." That's the hope — skirts whiter than white and corporate books a deep-hued black.



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Codco players in high gear: visceral, community-oriented theatre. Codco's relationship with its audience has been gradually built over the years

COVER STORY

Poor but high-spirited: on the road with East Coast actors

Making a living acting is tough in Atlantic Canada, but at the artistic and human levels there are payoffs . . . especially for those who do it for love rather than money

by Susan MacPhee

After all the toasts had been drunk and the last glass tinkled, the groom rose to his feet and asked for the guests' attention. He thanked the people who had helped to make this wedding day a happy one. The list of a dozen names he recited, however, was notable for its absences. At least seven or eight were followed by the phrase "who, unfortunately, can't be here tonight."

It was a wedding of theatre people. Carl Scott and Melody Reed, until they moved to British Columbia this summer, worked at Neptune Theatre in Halifax,

Scott as master electrician and Reed as sound technician. Most of the guests were associated with theatre in one way or another, and the reason so many friends were missing is a common one among theatre folk: work had taken them off here, there and everywhere from coast to coast.

Within that nomadic segment of society, the group most on the move is the acting contingent. Writers can set up shop wherever there's a flat surface. Directors, stage managers and technical crews can often find a job that will last for at least a season. But actors don't usually find niches that last longer than the run of the

play, and in Canada a six-week run is a long one.

Atlantic Canada has a long tradition in the dramatic arts. The first North American play was performed in 1604 at Port Royal, by a now well-known company called The Order of the Good Cheer, under the direction of Samuel de Champlain. And since those actors had travelled all the way from France, that set the scene, as it were, for mobility among performers.

Worth noting is that the Port Royal performers were also the writers of the skit, another tradition that's been maintained by thespians in the Atlantic region. Says Kent Stetson, Maritimes Branch president of ACTRA (Association of Canadian Cinema, Radio and Television Artists): "There's the whole sense of individuality and independence here, where our people are farmers and fishermen, and do what they have to, always have, to make a living. Out of that tradition comes the people who are actors, but are writers and directors as well. In Toronto everyone's so specialized. Here there are completely different insights, a whole set of different responses, perceptions and abilities."



MANHIE BUCHHEIT



ALBERT LEE

The Rise and Follies of Cape Breton Island: original material written by local people

Stetson knows whereof he speaks; his own career exemplifies the versatility Atlantic Canadian performers have — and must have. After growing up on a potato farm, Stetson graduated from UPEI and turned to acting “because God made too many farmers on Prince Edward Island.” During travels in Europe where he saw a lot of plays, he encountered lunchbag theatre in Edinburgh for the first time. It was an idea he took back home to Charlottetown. With the help of a government grant, he ran lunchtime plays for seven years in the basement of St. Paul’s Church Hall. Since then, he’s continued to act and has directed for the stage, film and television. Stetson writes as well, and just finished a two-act play which is being considered for production in Toronto.

All performers know the rigors of touring but few have experienced the rusticity of Beni Malone (see *Folks*, page 42). He’s the founder of Newfoundland’s Wonderbolt, a clowning company. The last tour he and his wife made played only the parts of Newfoundland that couldn’t be reached by road — only by boat.

Wonderbolt does well by Malone financially. “It’s the one-man shows where I really make my money, the others sometimes end up costing me, when you consider pay-

ing the other performers, sets and all that. But I make enough to support myself and my family. Sometimes I wish for a steady salary, but I never wish for the nine-to-five routine. I like being my own boss, but you never know when or what the next job is going to be . . . Sure, just after I come back from a tour, I say ‘Never again, that’s it, no more road’.”

Malone says “I can see why some people give it up, but they just don’t quit, you know, they kind of ease out of it. They just start doing other kinds of work and eventually they’re out. But staying on (the road) depends on the kind of drive you have. There are the disadvantages of no regular pay cheque, burn-out, artistic block. But all the bad points can be seen as good points, too. Depends on the day, I guess. It’s been kind of grey and foggy the last few days; if it were sunny, I’d probably be saying there’s no better business . . . I couldn’t do it without my wife.”

But many performers have to do it much of the time without their spouses. Marshall Button, five years in the business, runs his Fredericton-based theatre company Comedy Asylum from Halifax, where he moved last fall. “Running a company in Fredericton while living here (Halifax) means a lot of travel of course,

but I don’t have a choice as long as I want to be in this business. But my wife and I were always apart, even when we were first together. Strangely enough, now that we’re married, we’re still apart a lot. But that’s all right. She works hard too, and the time we get to spend together is quality time. We always enjoy it, rather than being together all the time and maybe not being so happy.”

Choosing quality over quantity is a good way to rationalize separation but it doesn’t solve the problems of a couple’s living in different parts of the country. Married actors Bob Paisley and Janet McEwan are doing just that — he’s living in Halifax and she in Toronto. They made a real effort at realizing their professional aspirations in Halifax, even going so far as participating in establishing an independent professional company — Another Theatre Company. Neither was dependent solely upon working on stage. Paisley is busy as a director, with duties that include Neptune’s Young Company and the King’s Theatre Festival at Annapolis Royal. McEwan does television commercials and is a singer. But last spring she decided to tackle Toronto. Paisley decided to tend to his commitments in Nova Scotia: “At this point in our careers,

COVER STORY

it's worth it. And it's hard, but we want to try it for a year. Janet's coming down here for a while this summer."

Vancouver-born, Halifax-based actress Nicola Lipman chose to go on the road a couple of years ago. She'd been getting enough work in Nova Scotia to keep her happy for ten years, with the occasional role outside the region. She says, "I thought I'd make a concerted effort to go out and work in other places, because it would be good for me, as a person, to work with different people and different directors and see what's going on in the rest of the country." So, in the last two years, she's travelled across Canada ten times.

A performer doesn't have to hit for central Canada and points west to log up the miles. Marcel Theriault of Caraquet, N.B. rarely moves out of his home province. But working with Théâtre Populaire d'Acadie "keeps me touring three-quarters of the year" doing a provincial round of 11 centres. "You just have to cope with it."

Being Acadian doesn't help a regional dramatic actor. The only two French-language companies are in New Brunswick, TPA in Caraquet and Théâtre l'Escaouette in Moncton. That pretty much limits the work available. Not much happens at Radio Canada in Moncton by way of radio drama, and most French film and television drama is done in Montreal — without Acadian actors. "We have an accent which isn't that of Quebec and so, unless it's an international setting, we don't have much of a chance" says Theriault. To broaden his horizons, Theriault will soon be going to the National Theatre School in Montreal for a directing course.

Bertrand Dugas, also with TPA in Caraquet, says that even when Radio Canada TV programming is produced in New Brunswick, actors from Montreal are often brought in. And there isn't much Acadians can do about it since they aren't protected by a union. And Dugas isn't sure he'd want a union anyway. "I wonder if it would really be an advantage . . . It may be okay if we had more TV or radio work, but for the theatre company, it may end up asking more than the company can afford."

What any regional theatre company can afford to pay is minimal and what any performer can expect to earn is less. Cathy O'Connell, the Actor's Equity regional representative points out that if an actor relies on stage work, he's apt to end up hungry. "The very most you could realistically hope for would be two stage roles a year (within the region). The minimum rate is \$270 a week, and the high rate is \$430. Multiply that by three weeks rehearsal and three weeks run. It isn't much."

Actress-writer Carol Sinclair — "I'm one of those people with no fixed address" — came to Nova Scotia three years ago from British Columbia because "something really exciting is going on



Follies: Kenzie MacNeil (l), Raylene Rankin, Gerard Morrison, Maynard Morrison, Kathy MacGuire, Mary Colin Chisholm, Max MacDonald

here. Everyone is wearing three hats, you have room to define yourself, instead of being someone else's idea of a 'type'. You can be an actor or a writer or a director. Everyone takes responsibility for creating their own work." Unfortunately, such scope and enthusiasm don't translate into dollars — last year Sinclair's business expenses totalled \$2,000 more than she made. But she's philosophical about it and agrees with Antigonish actress Mary Colin Chisholm that "It's so like the area — one good year, one dry year."

Both Sinclair and Chisholm are strong advocates of the indigenous theatre school and collective work — ideally, all material is written, produced, directed and acted by a cohesive local group. Says Chisholm, "The most commercial thing I've done here is the *Follies* (*The Rise and Follies of Cape Breton Island*) and that's all original material written by local people. I've lived in Toronto and you can put the same amount of energy into getting a Burger King commercial. Who needs it?"

But it's in Newfoundland that home-made theatre reaches its heights. Phillip Dinn, formerly of the musical group Figgy Duff and co-founder of theatre company Sheila's Bush, credits collectives with the development of dramatic writing in the province. "For a few years there, everyone was writing collectively in groups of six or seven. Now people are working with maybe one or two other people. And some, with the experience from the collectives, are sitting down and writing their own plays. People here feel they've kept hold of a very particular phraseology of Newfoundland language. We find the language here has a more expressive beauty in its own spoken form."

Dinn does enter one small caveat. "Some think that indigenous is the only important thing. The Newfoundland Arts Council says it only wants indigenous Newfoundland material. I'm not of that school. I believe the language of Newfoundland can

be used to express universal themes as well as those of Newfoundland."

Indeed, the Newfoundland Shakespeare Company and the Stephenville Festival in summer and the Newfoundland/Labrador Theatre in winter do produce plays-from-away. For the most part, however, companies on the island stick with themes basic to their own lives.

Mary Walsh, artistic director with the Resource Centre for the Arts in St. John's and who comes from a collective background with the well-known Newfoundland company Codco, has a theory about that tendency: "Theatre is very *live* here, but then it developed in a different way. It wasn't having an endless stream of artistic directors coming in from England, interested in producing plays that were hits on Broadway three or four years ago. It was much more visceral here, more community oriented than what you people (in the Maritimes) have. There wasn't anyone here with the idea of 'creating a regional theatre' — the relationship (with the audience) has been gradually built over the years."

Kent Stetson, on the other hand, believes that the work being done by the "regional theatres" such as Neptune in Halifax, Theatre New Brunswick in Fredericton and the Charlottetown Festival is as necessary as the work done by the companies that rely on original, indigenous drama. "They are definitely fulfilling an audience need. Others, like Mulgrave Road and Mermaid Theatre in Nova Scotia, and the King's Playhouse, the Victoria Summer Playhouse and the Island Community Theatre in P.E.I. fulfill separate needs."

Besides the ever-present problems presented by the demands of touring and lack of finances, Maritime actors have other needs. Working together with the intensity the profession requires, and in the often isolated circumstances imposed by the region's geography, actors tend to

WARREN GORDON



Marcel Theriault and Yvon Aucoin in a Théâtre Populaire D'Acadie production: opportunities are even more limited for Acadian actors

form strong emotional ties with each other. When leaving one small group of performers, you are often entrusted with messages and instructions for another group in another part of the region. They share time, work and, at times, money.

Carol Sinclair sometimes worries about spending too much time with other theatre people and not enough with the "outside world." "We are supposed to be observers, and I'm afraid sometimes that I don't get to spend enough time with other people — to watch them, and see what's going on. It seems there are a lot of plays about actors these days; is that because we're spending too much time together instead of out there?"

Mary Colin Chisholm doesn't think

that's as much of a problem here as it can be in a larger centre, like Toronto. "When I lived in Toronto, it seemed that not only did I always hang around with other actors, but only with other actors who were at my level then — the bottom. There were all kinds of layers above us, but no one in the different stages mixed. It was really closed. Here, you can mix with everyone — actors with more experience, or people not involved with theatre at all," Mary Walsh agrees. In Newfoundland, she says, "there tends to be an arts community rather than the more narrow 'theatre community'. You don't just hang around with other theatre people. It's writers and dancers and all of them."

Actors are coming up in the regional

world, even financially — a little bit. Until lately, except for occasional commercials and the odd film, CBC radio and television were the only games in town for a hungry population of ACTRA performers. Indeed, when the CBC budget cuts were announced last December, what had been a trickle of work promised to dry up to a drop. Then this spring came a big breakthrough: CHUM Atlantic, an ATV subsidiary, signed with ACTRA to hire association members to work on a six-part television drama series.

The contract will put some \$20,000 in the collective pocket of local actors. Says Gary Neil, national executive director of the ACTRA Performers Guild, "I think it's fabulous, it's a good step in the right direction, for us and for them." To non-actors, \$20,000 may seem like a drop in the bucket but when the 1983 bucket contained only \$202,000 — the Maritime ACTRA Performers Guild total income — it came as a large drink to thirsty people.

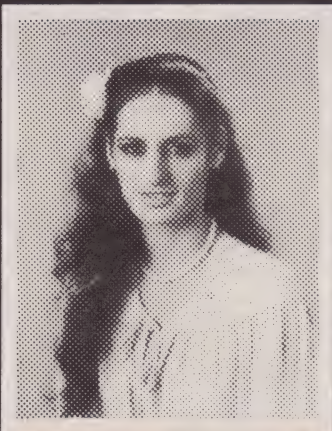
In Newfoundland, ACTRA was unperturbed by the CBC cuts. Says regional representative Philomena Drodge, "we've never had it so good. Tommy Sexton and Greg Malone are doing a variety comedy pilot for the network, The Pigeon Inlet drama is competing for a network spot, and Eddy Eastman is also competing for a network show out of here, plus we've got the possibility of two or three films being done here."

Things go on. A few actors will leave the region this fall to try their luck in Toronto or Montreal. And some will go to schools in Canada and abroad. But solvent or poor, working or between engagements, they'll answer one question one way: "Why are you an actor?" "It's what I do — and I love it."



Joan Gregson (II), Glen Cairns, Nicola Lipman and Bill Carr in *Noises Off* at Neptune Theatre

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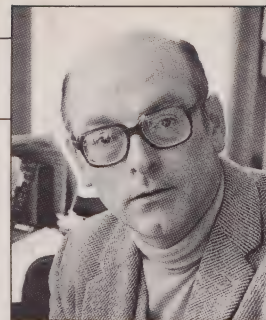


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The downhill confessions of a rum-and-water drinker



The realization has been growing for some time: I'm no longer with it. After three decades or so of feeling reasonably au courant, I now know that I'm over the hill, destined never again to slide with urbane authority and polished ease over a host of subjects during cocktail party chitchats. At first, I thought I was just getting stupid. I haven't completely dismissed that possibility but a successful season playing pretty tough trivia at the Halifax Press Club (three wins, one loss) helps persuade me that premature senility isn't an immediate danger. What does seem to be inevitable, however, is that my not-with-it condition will worsen, dooming me to become more passé with each succeeding year.

This gloomy assessment of my prospects struck me during a recent dinner party. What had been a vague but growing apprehension suddenly became clear: too much of the conversation was going over my head. And it wasn't because this was a Yuppie crowd. On the contrary, all those present were either my contemporaries or my elders. Was I a fan of Anthony Powell's? Not only hadn't I read him, I'd never heard of him. Was I going to Tina Turner's concert in Halifax? No, I didn't know she was coming. Yes, I knew — or thought I knew — that she was a rock singer. No, I hadn't seen *Cats*. Yes, I was remotely aware it was the most popular musical in eons on the New York (and London?) stage. And so it went throughout an otherwise pleasant evening.

It was then that I decided to give serious attention to my areas of illiteracy — not so much to do anything about them but just to take note of how grave my problem was. First and most obviously, I was forced to acknowledge my complete and joyous ignorance of rock music, a condition that goes back to the days of Elvis and Bill Haley. I'd never heard of Michael Jackson until about two years ago and only then because he adorned the cover of every magazine on the newsstand. Cindy Lauper and Prince are names that crept into my consciousness in early 1985 and I'm still not entirely sure what *they* are or do. My dislike of rock music is so deep-rooted that I won't listen to private radio or go into bars that play the stuff. This severely limits my radio listening and my bar hopping. The trouble is that rock no longer is merely the music of the young. Now it's the music — often the *only* music — of two entire generations. There's no danger that serious music will die out — the tricen-

tenary celebrations for Bach and Handel and the success of *Amadeus* prove that. My fear is that the day is fast coming when the only musical common denominator will be rock. I'll then be like a vegetarian at a cannibals' convention.

Many other features of popular culture escape me as well. I'm not into jogging or racquetball or tennis. The illegal drugs don't turn me on. Sexually, I'm hetero and reasonably monogamous. Somewhere along the way I've missed beating up on women, battering children

*Popular
culturewise,
I've become a
mute illiterate.
Bring on the
future, I say*

and committing incest. Boring, eh? And being a rum and water drinker, I couldn't care less if they change the taste of coke or not. No, I haven't had a Pepsi, either. If there's such a thing as a cola war, include me out. Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn.

Which reminds me that I also don't give a damn about most of the movies they're making these days. I find myself drawn increasingly to the old black and whites they show decreasingly on television. I'll still go to see just about anything Newman makes but among the "younger" stars, only Streep, Hoffman and DeNiro can consistently get me to part with \$6.

Television, too, is getting well beyond me. I still watch the news, the nature programs, baseball and Masterpiece Theatre, but other than the names Ewing and Carrington, I couldn't tell you a single thing about *Dallas* and *Dynasty*. And that, I guess, puts me near the pointy head of

cultural ignoramus. Whatever happened to Archie Bunker?

In the realm of sports where once I was considered an expert, not being a subscriber to The Sports Network, I can no longer talk knowledgeably about football, basketball and half a dozen lesser games that clog that popular all-sports channel. Even in baseball, my favorite game, I find my favorite knowledge is getting badly outdated. I'd rather talk about Ted Williams than Dave Winfield, Warren Spahn than Dave Steib. Unlike the younger fans, I remember *those* guys.

In recent years, I've been able to travel a bit — to the wrong places, I'm afraid. I've been to Scotland and Ireland many times, but although we're proud to claim Scots and Irish ancestry, few of us take the trouble to actually go there. No, for most of us it's Florida, Bermuda or the West Indies. Alas, I've never been to any of them. Nor to California. Conversation tends to lag after "What, never been to Disneyland?"

It lags even more when the talk turns to something that has to do with technology. I've never been much for gadgetry or tools. As a kid whittling was about the extent of my technical prowess; a succession of band-aids bore testimony to my awkwardness. It's been the same ever since. I know nothing about automobiles, outboard motors, inboard motors, food processors, word processors, VCRs, automatic bank tellers, home (and way from home) computers and all the other wonderful widgets that make our world such an inexplicable (to me) place. I'd enter a monastery but I wouldn't know how to operate the duplicating machine.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not a crotchety old bird — 51 isn't old, is it? I don't long uniformly for the good old days, at least not yet. And when and if I do so long, I'll probably be thinking of today. Finally, I recognize that my cultural backwardness is my own fault. I might have kept up-to-date if I'd really tried. Instead, I've let myself become a victim of Present Shock. But all may not be lost. As Pierre Berton once said in a profound moment, "The future will not be like the present." With this assurance, I say "Bring on the future with all that it entails."

But first I have a request to make of whomever or whatever is running this merry-go-round. It's this: "Stop the world, I want to get on." ☒

Harry Fleming is a Halifax freelance journalist. Ralph Surette's column will return next month.

Love and fresh fish: a small place's recipe

Tender loving care and fresh produce — especially fresh fish — that's the cooking philosophy of a bed and breakfast place that grew

by Denise Brun
When George Evans and Doris Hall bought and renovated a former dry-goods store in the centre of Chester, N.S., their intention was to operate it solely as a bed and breakfast establishment. But Evans, a ship's cook who came ashore, couldn't resist the temptation to keep cooking — to work at gratifying the tastes of his ready clientele and to develop his own culinary expertise. His experiments with his guests' taste buds were heartening enough that this summer MacNeill Manor, as it's called, opened its dining room to the general public.

Neither Hall nor Evans has any formal training in the culinary arts, but they share a sense of the importance of the preparation and presentation of good food. And they have a philosophy: use the freshest possible local produce and seafood and prepare it with "tender loving care."

"We always liked to experiment with food," explains Hall, who credits her mother with nurturing her interest in the fine points of cooking. Evans' experience on a fishing trawler and then a supply vessel taught him the important role of food in "keeping up the morale of the crew" while at sea for long periods of time.

MacNeill Manor is typical of a growing number of small, intimate establishments in the Atlantic Provinces that have gained a reputation for serving imaginative food and for the kind of personal service that few larger restaurants can emulate. From speaking with their guests Evans and Hall have a good idea of the type of food that people expect when they visit Nova Scotia. Fresh fish tops the list. "You almost have to catch it yourself" says Hall. "If it smells at all fishy then you know it's not fresh." Evans buys whole fish locally which he fillets himself.

MacNeill Manor's basic menu is small but what it lacks in variety is more than compensated for by the quality. "There are some shortcuts that can be taken," says Hall, but he insists that he takes only those "which do not compromise the quality of the food."

The seafood chowder includes a hearty assortment of scallops, lobster, halibut and haddock — ingredients which are also used in the seafood crêpes. The daily chef's soup features whatever may be in season or a special soup such as lobster bisque, all served with freshly baked bread.

The catch of the day can be prepared in whatever way a guest may request but

Hall has found that the favorite method is to dip the fish in an egg wash, roll it in breadcrumbs and then fry it in butter with lemon. The herbs and vegetables featured in many of the recipes are often straight from MacNeill Manor's own garden. One of Evans' latest culinary creations is a refreshingly tart rhubarb sherbet.

Evans and Hall do all the food preparation themselves "to ensure uniformity." Hall does most of the baking and she hopes to include a variety of specialty breads in the near future. Whatever this creative duo cooks up is sure to please all who relish the opportunity to try something a little different, and appreciate good food lovingly prepared.



Evans and Hall: learning from the guests

Seafood Chowder

Make drawn butter sauce: melt 2 tablespoons butter. Add:

2 tbsp. flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. pepper

Stir until smooth. Add, while stirring, 1 cup milk or cream. Remove from heat when nicely thickened. (Makes 1 cup). Simmer the following:

1/2 cup water
1 teaspoon chopped shallots
Pinch of tarragon
1/4 tsp. salt

Dash of pepper
Add to the above:
4 ozs. fresh fish fillet
2 ozs. scallops

Poach for 2 minutes, stirring occasionally. Then add:
2 ozs. cooked lobster meat

1/4 cup of drawn butter sauce
Stir occasionally until nice and hot.
Serve immediately. Makes 2 servings.

Manor Scallops

In a saucepan on medium heat, melt one tablespoon of clarified butter. While stirring, add:

1 tsp. chopped shallots
1 tsp. chopped fennel
Dash of salt, pepper and tarragon
1 large, whole mushroom
4 ozs. fresh scallops

Sauté for approximately 2 minutes. Remove scallops and mushroom and arrange on the half shell with mushroom in center. Keep hot. Meanwhile, in saucepan, add 1 tablespoon flour. Add while stirring:

1/2 cup of cream
1/2 tsp. chopped fennel leaves
1 tbsp. of white wine

Stir until well thickened — pour over scallops on half shell and serve immediately. (Serves 1). Quantity may be multiplied by number of servings required.

Stuffed Chicken Breast

Debone 1 chicken breast keeping skin intact. Dip it in milk and egg wash (1 egg beaten with 1 tsp. water). Roll in breadcrumbs with dash of salt, pepper, tarragon or sage. Stuff carefully with:

2 asparagus heads
1 sliced mushroom
1 tbsp. grated Old Cheddar cheese

Fold chicken breast over and bake in 425°F oven for 15-20 minutes until golden brown. (Serves 1)

Rhubarb Sherbet

Ingredients:

1 cup water
1 1/4 cups white sugar
1 cup maple syrup
4 cups chopped fresh rhubarb
2 cups heavy cream
4 egg whites
4 cups chopped rhubarb, cooked

Method:

Set freezer to very cold. Add 1 1/4 cups of sugar to the cup of water and stir until sugar dissolves. Add one cup of maple syrup and 4 cups of chopped fresh rhubarb. Simmer until rhubarb is tender. Allow mixture to cool then purée in blender. Add two cups of cream. Blend well. Put mixture in freezer tray and freeze until firm. Place frozen mixture in a bowl and break up any lumps. Beat until smooth and thick. Whip the egg whites until stiff and beat them into the mixture. Freeze until firm. Garnish the sherbet with rhubarb purée and top with whipped cream. (Makes 2 quarts — approximately 20 servings)





PHOTOS BY JOHN MCANITY

Portrait of a portraitist

He lives and works in a cramped apartment in Ottawa, but former New Brunswicker Christan Nicholson is slowly but surely becoming Canada's premier portrait artist. His series of paintings of Canadian writers makes that clear

Above: Nicholson and Crawford portrait: growing success

The small one bedroom apartment is neat, organized; it has to be — it is both home and studio to Canada's increasingly successful portraitist, Christan Nicholson. The bedroom is, in fact, given over entirely to stacks of canvases in varying stages of development. Among them stand the bold prussian-blue underpainting of Fredericton writer David Adams Richards, the half-finished portrait of author Timothy Findley, and the large, engaging picture of the Rev. Roger Guindon, the retired rector of Ottawa University.

A spry, bearded man with lively blue eyes, 36-year-old Nicholson, born and reared in Saint John, has concentrated on figurative work since graduating from Mount Allison University in 1973. Now living in Ottawa, Nicholson has exhibited across the country and his work is in many public collections, including those of the University of New Brunswick and the New Brunswick Museum, and in numerous private collections, including that of Premier Richard Hatfield.

Interested in the work of other painters, Nicholson himself remains steadfastly attached to figurative work and to realism. "It's all I've ever wanted to do," he says.

His attention to the world around him comes across in the strong sense of character that is present in all his portraits and through the gaze of his subjects. This grasp of the subject's character has brought much positive response from the University of British Columbia and the University of Ottawa whose chancellor and rector respectively Nicholson painted. UBC has now commissioned him to do two further portraits. Nicholson has recently completed a commissioned work of Dr. Bill Crawford, former president of Mount Allison. As a result, the university has commissioned an official portrait of its chancellor, Dr. Angus MacQueen. James Downey, the current president of UNB, has been so impressed by Nicholson's work that he has not only ordered an official university portrait but has asked the painter to do a second portrait for his own family.

Nicholson's growing success in his portrait work has given him the confidence to risk following a personal inspiration: his Canadian Writers series. The idea of celebrating the creative genius of Canadian writers in paint has been with Nicholson for a number of years.

He has a genuine love of literature and is impassioned about his favorite authors. Reading widely, he recommends books constantly to his friends. Right now, he is strongly persuaded of the power of David Adams Richards.

The Canadian Writers Series encompasses the painting of over 30 authors across the country over the next three years. Overcoming his fears that literary figures would be unapproachable, Nicholson sent out four initial request letters in the winter of 1984. He asked for a brief interview and the opportunity to take the color slides from which he works.

He received two favorable replies, one "too busy" response and a letter returned because of a wrong address. The two favorable replies were from Robertson Davies and Timothy Findley.

Feeling encouraged, Nicholson pursued his idea; he sent out several more letters. Increasingly the replies are positive. Very recently Marie-Claire Blais agreed to be painted — the first Quebecois writer to do so. Now, Gérard Bessette, winner of the Governor-General's Award for *LeCycle* and for *L'Incubation*, has agreed to sit.

So far Nicholson has painted Robertson Davies, Timothy Findley, Mavis Gallant, Pierre Berton, Hugh MacLennan, Irving Layton, David Adams Richards, and playwright John Gray. Soon he is to begin painting Hugh Hood and Mordecai Richler. Studies have also been taken for a portrait of the distinguished New Brunswick Acadian writer, Antonine Maillet.

Once Nicholson has photographed each sitter, he does a drawing to give each of them as a gift. Then he begins the oil portrait. The paintings, when completed, will tour the country through galleries. The collection of portraits will be accompanied by readings from the works of the selected writers. Thus far, Nicholson has financed the project himself, but he is encouraging Canadian corporations to support him by sponsoring individual paintings or by purchasing one of his portraits. Nicholson would dearly like to see all the portraits finally kept together, possibly to lay the foundation for a national portrait gallery.

He was surprised to find, when he started the project, that few of his subjects had ever been painted before. Some are expansive about themselves and generous with their time; some protect both. Findley and Richards gave him a full four hours; Pierre Berton gave him ten minutes.

In the main, the authors are receptive, conversational, and keen on the project. Often, they talk about their own work. MacLennan, who gave quite a bit of time and who asked Nicholson what he was doing the rest of the afternoon, was a lively talker. He ranged over politics, the federal election, John Turner and the Olympics, but didn't mention his own writing. Mavis



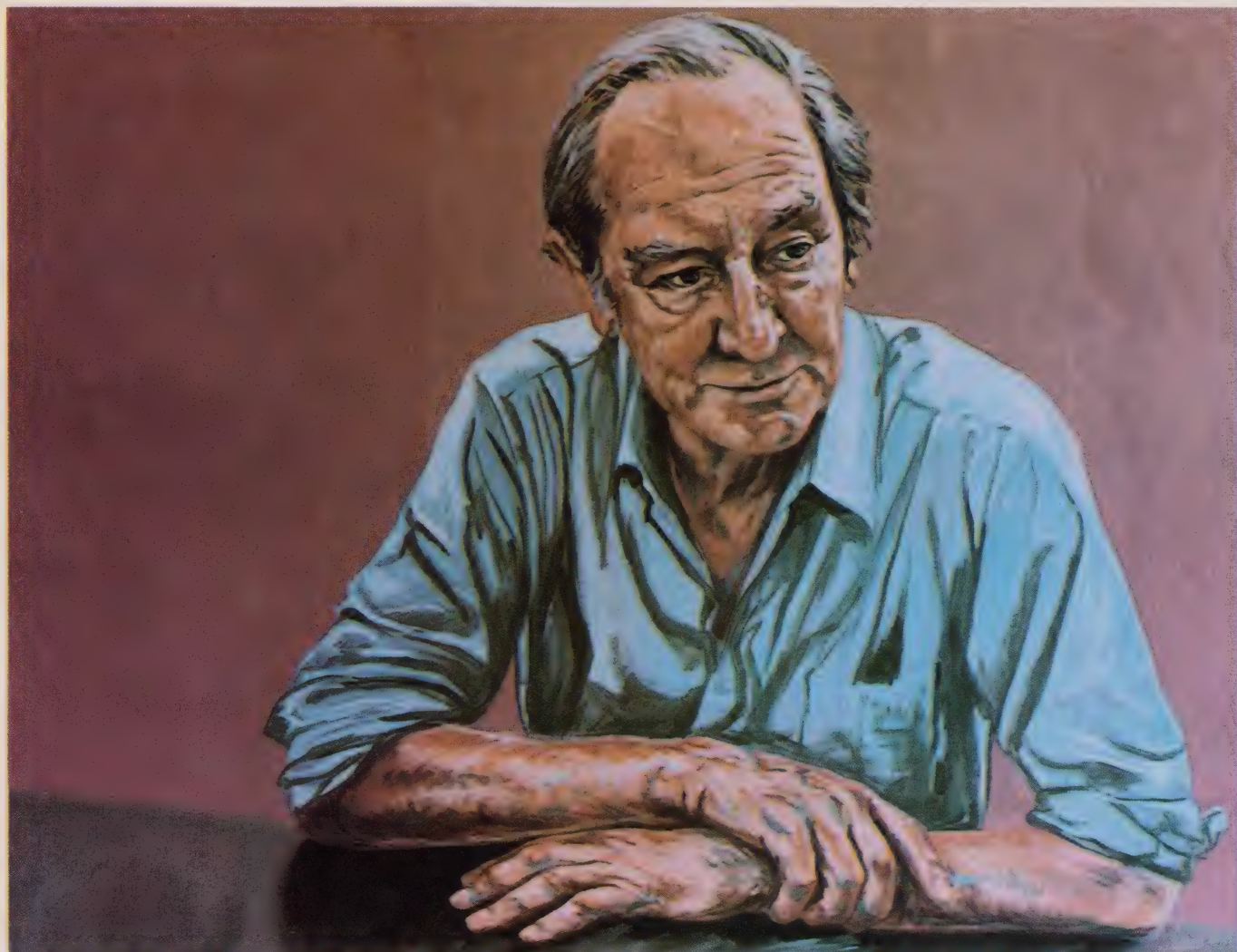
With John Gray portrait: a genuine love of literature

Gallant proved a reserved, private and cultured lady, says Nicholson, formidably conscious of her abilities. Nicholson was touched to find that both he and Antonine Maillet share the sense that no matter where they each live, New Brunswick is home.

Nicholson has come to realize that,

while he feels nervous at first, he has a knack of putting his subjects at ease. The sessions go smoothly, and often warmly; Nicholson sometimes feels when he leaves that he's left friends.

The tone of the acceptance letter can give Nicholson a clue as to the meeting.



Hugh MacLennan: "A gentle reflective look lights the craggy face"

ART

He's looking forward to interviewing Hugh Hood; Hood's letter was casual, warmhearted and encouraging. And they share a liking for the books of David Adams Richards. MacLennan's unpretentious manner was presaged by his hand-written card.

Nicholson paints full-time these days; he does commissions, both public and private, to sustain him financially while he works on the Canadian Writers Series. In the past, he has taught and worked as a graphic artist, but he finds both drain away creative energies from his own work. After a period on unemployment, he has been able to make it financially because of his portraits' growing recognition.

So he's freer now to work on the authors, a task which involves not only the hard work of the painting itself, but all the travelling and all the correspondence to the writers and to the corporations. Nicholson finds the paper work time consuming, but is now seeing his efforts bear fruit as more writers join the project. Canadian companies feel the project is worthwhile, but have been slow in offering sponsorship.

The works themselves are strong. A natural hauteur comes through in the portrait of Mavis Gallant from the carriage of the upper body and in the relaxed elegance of the clothes. Nicholson reveals a nuance of world weariness in the restrained beneficent smile and the direct,

sad gaze from the light brown eyes. Nicholson painted her against a backdrop of Montreal streets, streets he feels have the same haunted quality Gallant writes of in the short story *From the Fifteenth District*. Gallant herself has expressed some perplexity at the background; she feels the portrait makes her look like "a vagrant wandering in a slum." But the power of her personality, in fact, forcefully strikes the viewer; here is a woman who knows her worth.

Nicholson recognizes that a portrait painter does not necessarily see what the subject sees. A portraitist has to retain his creative freedom to express his own sense of the sitter, he says. It is not an easy task to paint such pictures. Another artist, Joe Plaskett, has twice tried to draw Mavis Gallant, but to no avail. She thought one of his drawings made her look like an Irish washerwoman.

The painter also met Irving Layton in Montreal. The Layton portrait has received warm reviews from the poet himself. Layton says the portrait made him feel 20 years younger.

Nicholson photographed Hugh MacLennan in his office in the old Arts Building at McGill University on a hot summer day. The two talked about the Maritimes where both originated. MacLennan feels that Saint John has produced some remarkable artists. He spoke with feeling to Nicholson about Miller Brittain,

whom he called a "great artist with a lost soul" because of his Second World War experiences. MacLennan was also a close friend of Avery Shaw.

In MacLennan's portrait, Nicholson gives us a shy, informal, inward man; the head is down, the eyes averted from the viewer. A gentle, reflective look lights the craggy face. The bare forearms and hands are toughened by age and by life. In fact, the portrait shows the slight swelling that remained from an accident that MacLennan had suffered when he was knocked down in a Montreal street by a teenage cyclist some weeks earlier. The warm tone in the background evokes the color of the earth of Cape Breton where MacLennan was born.

In Nicholson's bedroom studio, you come face to face with more Canadian writers. Robertson Davies gives a quizzical, questioning stare as he stands there holding his glasses in his be-ringed hand, the famous bell dangling from his watch fob. Professorial, stern, his handsome face is softened by the abundant white beard.

Timothy Findley leans back, his arms crossed high on the chest; he gazes straight at the viewer, but he's a man with a secret, only letting you in so far and no further.

Christan Nicholson is going to be busy these next three years. Canada will end up with an outstanding, provocative portrait collection — the celebratory gift from one Canadian creator to a number of others. ☒



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THE ENDLESS MIGRATION

Back home again; the bloom comes off wild rose country

Atlantic Canadians are coming back home as the economy of Alberta goes bad. But things aren't that rosy here either. How long will it be before they start going down the road again?

by Elizabeth Evoy
During the mobile and exuberant decade that was the 1970s, moving vans, beat-up old Pontiacs and even VWs rolled westward, their occupants in search of fortune or, in the case of British Columbia, the soft and hazy life.

Edmonton and Calgary became large cities. Thirteen hundred people a month were moving to Alberta. Now those people have left. Alberta's great oil boom has faded. Vacancy signs in front of Calgary's and Edmonton's once overcrowded buildings are visible everywhere. Where have all the people gone? And why did they go?

A spirited 19-year-old, Chris Horwich, left Halifax to find adventure and employment on the West Coast in the spring of 1977. "It seemed the thing to do at the time. Everyone in high school talked about going out West," an older Horwich says now. Another Halifax native, Gerry Amey, agrees. Immediately after his high school graduation in 1978, he left for the western frontier. And this long-haired, also spirited young man with \$300 in his faded denims thumbled his way to Alberta. "That's when any riff-raff from the East Coast could find a job," he says.

Jobs were the main reason for going but, says Amey, "it was also the whole aura of living in Calgary and driving a couple of hours to get to Banff, or living in the hippie hangout of Vancouver with the coastal mountains and the Pacific ocean."

"If you wanted a nice city to live in, you went to Vancouver," said Horwich. "When Maritimers went to Edmonton, they went for the money."

Former Nova Scotian Tena Wilson says it was her childhood dream to go out to Alberta. And she was young, ambitious, energetic and career-oriented when she went to Edmonton in 1978 — ambition and Edmonton were a good combination in those days and Wilson wanted to "live it up and get rich" there. That's exactly what she and her boyfriend did — for a while.

Now it's 1985 and Wilson's still in Edmonton working for Northwestern Utilities, a company that supplies gas to homes in northern Alberta and British Columbia. She's got a good job and she's not going to leave it. But Wilson's also staying in Edmonton because it's exciting

and she likes it. "I can't beat the money I make and the good friends I have."

Both Horwich and Amey are back in Halifax now. Horwich is unemployed with plans to travel and Amey has just completed a journalism degree at King's College.

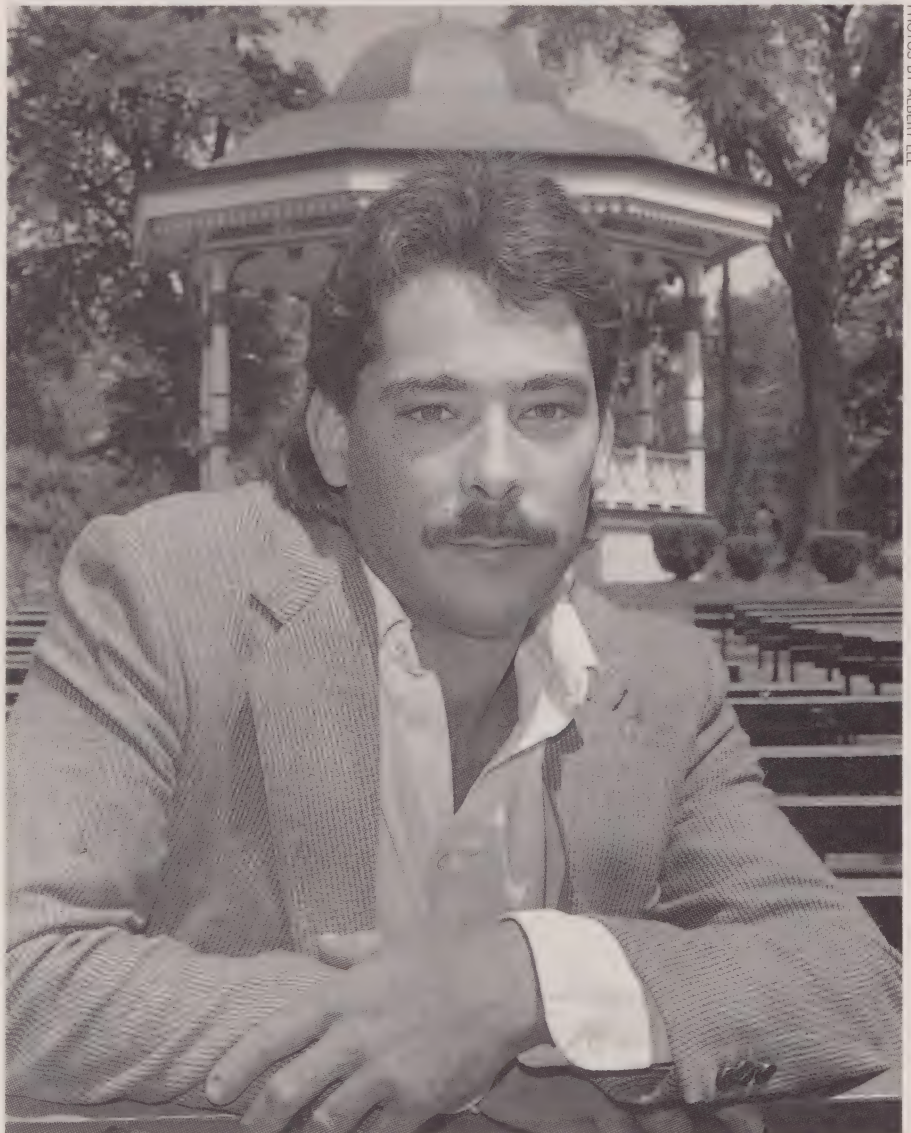
Atlantic Canadians have been "going down the road" for a long time — mostly to the U.S. until the Depression, and then to southern Ontario in the period following World War Two. There was still

some movement into Ontario in the early 1970s, says Keith Matheson, an official with Statistics Canada. "When I graduated from high school in the late '60s," he says, "everyone was on his way to Ontario."

Not quite everyone. As early as the 1950s when the first oil was beginning to flow in Alberta, job-hungry Maritimers and Newfoundlanders were arriving in Calgary and Edmonton. But it was the 1970s before the mass migration started as easterners followed the lure of a five per cent unemployment rate — half what it was on the East Coast. Most of the flow was made up of young people — many of them new graduates from high school or university.

Of all the people in Gerry Amey's crowd that went west about one-third are still in Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver. But he and Wilson agree that Maritimers are definitely coming home in large numbers.

Again, the unemployment rate ap-



Horwich back in Halifax: unemployed with plans to travel

PHOTOS BY ALBERT LEE

THE ENDLESS MIGRATION



Matheson: many in the West will never return



Morley: outflow will start again if economy improves

pears to be the governing factor. In Alberta that rate is almost 12 per cent while in British Columbia it's a phenomenal 16 per cent. During the census year 1983-84, Nova Scotia had a net gain of 4,688 people — that is the number who came minus those who left. Alberta lost 42,784. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island gained, although marginally, while Newfoundland, with the highest unemployment rate in the country, lost 2,444 people.

During the same year, 5,573 people who left Alberta listed their province of destination as Nova Scotia. Also, 2,885 New Brunswickers, 728 Islanders and 1,969 Newfoundlanders are listed as having bid farewell to wild rose country and headed home.

It wasn't just the jobs, of course. There's always that indefinable known as "quality of life" — and the attraction of home. For Tena Wilson and Chris Horwich the quality of life is definitely better on the Atlantic coast. "Let's face it, Edmonton is a fast city," says Wilson. And, adds Horwich, people on the East Coast are more open and hospitable than on the West Coast.

Nevertheless, Wilson is still in Edmonton and Horwich was planning to leave Halifax again. There are still, in fact, a lot of Atlantic Canadians in the West, says Keith Matheson. Many of them will never return permanently. "My brother and his family are still in Calgary. He loves it there and I don't think he'll ever return." Wilson says she'll return someday, but probably not before she retires. Independence is important to her and she says she has it in Edmonton. "I'm on my own with no one to answer to," she says. "It's certainly not the weather that's keeping me here."

There are also some who are in a sort of limbo. After five years in Vancouver, Horwich returned to Halifax and stayed until January, 1983. Then he returned to Vancouver and lived there until the summer of 1984. In the spring he was back in Halifax and couldn't make up his mind where he'd like to settle.

"I think there are a number of Maritimers like myself who are commuting back and forth from east to west because they can't make up their minds where they want to live."

Not all, of course, have the luxury of making up their minds. For generations, Maritimers — and later Newfoundlanders — have come and gone according to necessity. Fred Morley, an economist with the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, says people will start flowing out of the region again if the economy of central Canada improves.

Of course, if the economy of Atlantic Canada were to improve — and it may, if the oil and gas deposits are developed — even more people would flow back in. And so it goes . . . a tide of people that washes back and forth across the land, and never seems to end.

CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

Aug. 3-4 — International Hydroplane Regatta, Cocagne

Aug. 3-5 — Heritage Walk on Beau-bears Island and Centennial Picnic, New-castle

Aug. 4-10 — Westmorland County Agricultural Fair, Petitcodiac

Aug. 6-11 — Corn Festival, Saint-Léolin

Aug. 9-18 — Acadian Festival, Cara-quet

Aug. 11, 18 and 25 — The National Youth Orchestra, in residence for the summer at UNB will present three concerts at The Playhouse, Fredericton

Aug. 11-24 — Jeux Canada Games '85, Saint John

Aug. 16-18 — 6th Annual Moncton Motorcycle Touring Club Lobster Rendezvous, Shediac

Aug. 17-24 — Country Living Days, Sussex

Aug. 19-24 — Miramichi Agricultural Exhibition, Chatham

Aug. 20-21 — Kings County Agricultural Fair, Sussex

Aug. 24-25 — Agricultural Fair, Kings Landing

Aug. 25-31 — Atlantic National Agricultural Exhibition, Saint John

NOVA SCOTIA

Aug. 1-4 — Cape Breton Fisheries and Marine Exhibition, Louisbourg

Aug. 3 — Ceilidh Under The Stars, New Glasgow

Aug. 5-10 — Nova Scotia Gaelic Mod: annual festival of Scottish culture, St. Ann's, Cape Breton

Aug. 5-10 — Western Nova Scotia Exhibition, agricultural exhibits, music, competitions, Yarmouth

Aug. 7-11 — Blueberry Harvest Festival: blueberry suppers, teas and breakfasts, pageant, woodsman competition, Amherst

Aug. 8-11 — Digby Scallop Days: shucking and filleting contest, parades, concerts, Digby

Aug. 8-11 — Sam Slick Days: parade, pancake breakfast, beer garden, children's theatre, garden party, sporting events, Windsor

Aug. 8-18 — Seaside Summer Festival and Ceilidh, Sheet Harbour

Aug. 9-11 — Rockhound Round-up: demonstrations of craftspeople and rock collectors, workshops, field trips, films, slides, lectures, Parrsboro

Aug. 11-17 — Chester Race Week: races of world class yachts, ends with Prince's Inlet series, Chester and Lunenburg Yacht Clubs

Aug. 12-17 — Annapolis County Exhibition: agricultural exhibition, arts and crafts, Lawrencetown

Aug. 12-14-16-19-21-23-26-28 — Gaelic College Ceilidh: 1985 is the year

of the *ceilidh*, from the Gaelic "to visit", an evening of music, dancing and fun, St. Ann's

Aug. 14-17 — Halifax County Exhibition: agricultural exhibition, street parade, displays of handcrafts, vegetables and flowers, light and heavy horse classes, ox pulling, Middle Musquodoboit

Aug. 16-17 — New Ross Community Fair: oxen and horse pulling, handcrafts, flower show, games, dinners and suppers, entertainment, dance, New Ross

Aug. 19-24 — Nova Scotia Provincial Exhibition: agricultural fair, Miss Nova Scotia Pageant, 4-H competitions, horse show, Bible Hill-Truro

Aug. 21 — Birthday at the Bell: pipers, kiteflying, games, cake and lemonade, celebrating the 100th anniversary of the arrival of Alexander Graham Bell in Cape Breton, Baddeck

Aug. 25 — Fête de St. Louis: staging of military events, Louisbourg

Aug. 27-31 — Cumberland County Exhibition: beef, dairy cattle, steer sale, horse show, homecrafts, 4-H displays, home-cooked meals, Oxford

Aug. 28-31 — Digby County Exhibition: display of cattle, oxen, horses, arts and crafts, home-cooked meals, Bear River

Aug. 31-Sept. 2 — Stanley Airport Annual Fly-In: aircraft displays and competitions, barbecues, corn boils, Stanley

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Aug. 1-31 — The Charlottetown Festival: 3 musicals in repertory, "Swing", "Fauntleroy" and "Anne", Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Aug. 6 — Harvest of the Sea: seafood festival, fish barbecue, steamed clams and mussels, Basin Head Fisheries Museum

Aug. 7 — Confederation Centre Art Gallery and Museum: Exhibition "At Home: Furniture and Decorative Arts in PEI" through to Sept. 29, Charlottetown

Aug. 7-11 — Tyne Valley Oyster Festival: Canadian oyster-shucking championships, parade, competitions, harness racing, Tyne Valley

Aug. 19 — National Park Maritime Championship: 10 km road race, Brackley to Dalvay

Aug. 10 — Northumberland Challenge Yacht Race: 5-8 hour race, Charlottetown Harbour

Aug. 10-11 — 4th Annual Outdoor Scottish Fiddle & Dance Festival: Scottish concert under the stars, old-time dance, fiddling, piping, cold plate supper, Camp Tamawaby-Richmond

Aug. 12-17 — Old Home Week: local talent, horse and livestock shows, equestrian events, harness racing, parade, flower and baking exhibits, Charlottetown

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Watch for further details of the Spring '86 Atlantic Insight Photo Contest.

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CALENDAR

Aug. 16-18 — Fun Sail: board sailing, Stanley Bridge

Aug. 17-21 — Community Harvest Festival: harvest ball, parade, sports, road race, teen dance, horse show, lobster or ham suppers, Kensington

Aug. 18 — Blueberry Festival: home-made blueberry pie with ice cream, Green Park Shipbuilding Museum, Port Hill

Aug. 11, 18 and 25 — Midsummer Night Concerts: a festival of chamber music by Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Franck, Ravel and Brahms, Steel Recital Hall, UPEI, Charlottetown

Aug. 18 — L.M. Montgomery Tribute: homemade ice cream demonstration, old-fashioned games, step dancing and fiddling, Green Gables House, Cavendish

Aug. 18 — Northumberland Strait Swim: 14 mile swim, New Brunswick to Summerside Marina

Aug. 19-24 — Summerfest '85: musical entertainment, kids day, country and western days, boardsailing demonstrations and regatta, log rolling, bath tub races, Summerside

Aug. 22-24 — Provincial Plowing Match and Agricultural Fair: competitions, livestock, 4-H displays, entertainment, Dundas

Aug. 24 — Kensington Harvest Festival Run: 25 km road race, Kensington

Aug. 24-25 — P.E.I. Windsurfing Championship, Stanhope Beach Lodge

Aug. 25 — Maude Whitmore Benefit: a unique variety show, presented by the festival company to aid deserving young performing artists, 8 p.m. at the Confederation Centre of the Arts, Charlottetown

Aug. 30-Sept. 1 — Le Festival Acadien de la region Evangeline, Acadian soirée, concert, contests, ball, parade, blessing of the fleet, lobster suppers, Abrams Village

NEWFOUNDLAND

Aug. 1-5 — Humber Valley Strawberry Festival: U-pick, baking, "yellin' " and log-sawing contests, local seafood dinners, entertainment, Deer Lake

Aug. 3-4 — Une Longue Veillée: festival of traditional French-Newfoundland culture, folk music and dance with artists from the Port au Port Peninsula, the Maritimes, Quebec and St. Pierre et Miquelon, Cape St. George

Aug. 3-5 — Labrador Canoe Regatta: fresh salmon dinner, local entertainment and family activities, Happy Valley-Goose Bay

Aug. 4-5 — Stephenville Day Activities: regatta, dory races, marathon, bike race, "flour bombing competition", Stephenville

Aug. 11 — Official Opening of Gros Morne National Park: proclamation and opening of administration building com-

pound and Table Lands Exhibit by Tourism Minister Tom McMillan; boat rides, entertainment, fireworks, to coincide with centennial of Parks Canada, Gros Morne

Aug. 14-25 — Memorial University Summer Music Camp: for youths from 10 to 25 culminating with a concert, Corner Brook

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Reykjavik, the capital city, is about the size of Saint John. Long summer days provide excellent construction weather. Slums are non-existent and home ownership is high, but so is the sales tax — 24 per cent

Our exotic, sub-Arctic neighbor: Iceland

In some ways it's similar to the Atlantic Provinces. Even more than us, Icelanders depend on the fishery. But they have something we can only dream of: full employment

by Richard Wilbur

It's a sub-Arctic island of volcanoes, fiords and glaciers paradoxically balanced by hot springs and gentle coastal grasslands. To us it seems distant and exotic. Yet, measured in Canadian distances, Iceland is a neighbor of the Atlantic Provinces. It's roughly the same distance from St. John's as is Thunder Bay, Ont.

Iceland has a strong community of interests with Atlantic Canada through the fact that its dominant industry is the fishery. Many of its problems stem from that fact and have a familiar ring. There's an over-supply of fishing vessels, for example, and the perception of a too-great dependence on the American market for fish exports.

Because of their dependence on the fishery — and because their fish competes head to head with ours on the U.S. market — Icelanders are very much aware of us.

Yet we are hardly aware of them. Indeed, to us this home of the Vikings who first visited Newfoundland a thousand years ago seems as remote as Siberia. An increasing number of tourists from Europe and the U.S. are visiting Iceland, but getting there from Canada means flying to New York or London first.

Yet if there are similarities between Iceland and Atlantic Canada, there's one phenomenon which sets Iceland distinctly apart: it has full employment. How does it do this when 80 per cent of its economy depends on fish exports? Simplistic as it sounds, the work ethic has a lot to do with it. Possessors of a locally-controlled resource economy, Icelanders are full of self-confidence. They have achieved a high standard of living in recent years and seem determined to keep it.

They also have a few advantages: cheap hydro-electric power and an unlimited sup-

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ply of hot water from geothermal pools dotted around the island. This combination translates into an annual fuel and light bill of about \$300 for an average family. It also means that a rocky island not much larger than New Brunswick and with far less arable land (only one per cent is cultivated) can grow all the food it needs, except for fruits and grains, in huge hothouses.

Iceland's few trees (a local joke says that five trees make a national forest) are offset by patches of pastureland where two crops of hay can be harvested during the summer. That's enough to sustain large dairy herds plus two million sheep over the winter months.

Contrary to its name (which could have been a Viking trick to keep others away from their Valhalla), Iceland's climate is moderate — certainly milder than most of Atlantic Canada, especially in its lowlands. This is despite Iceland's being at the same latitude as Baffin Island. The Gulf Stream's warm waters make their way past, giving often snowless winters and hot summers. Last winter produced just 15 days of snow — not enough for the few ski lodges, which are converting to inns for the expanding tourist trade from Scandinavia and the U.S.

Another peculiarity of the country is that it has the western world's highest birth rate and its lowest death rate. Yet the island isn't overpopulated. (Shades of Atlantic Canada — people leave.) The capital city of Reykjavik, where construction crews take advantage of the long summer days to build new houses and apartment complexes, has only about 90,000 residents, slightly less than metropolitan Saint John. The entire country has a population of 230,000 — slightly less than metropolitan Halifax.

Eighty per cent of Icelanders own their homes. To buy them, they must pay 75 per cent of the cost in the first year. For As one writer puts it, "By a combination of loans, overtime and attempting to live on air." And Reykjavik has no slums. A stroll through the streets leading to the harbor takes you past older houses but they're all painted and well-maintained. Icelanders are a very tidy people.

Audur Bjarnsson's experience at house-buying is probably typical. Now about 55, she and her husband Gunnar, a fisherman, have four grown children. They started their married life by buying a small apartment. When their first child arrived, they started moving up the real estate scale, making a profit each time. They now have a five-bedroom house costing \$85,000, big enough for visiting grandchildren or for renting to tourists. Audur currently runs a restaurant near downtown Reykjavik. Up above on the second floor, her parents have an eight-room inn. Gunnar makes a big salary as a mate aboard a trawler.

One of Audur's restaurant employees is a young waitress who works there two days a week and five days in another. In between, she holds down other part-time jobs. She's trying to make enough to buy out her former boyfriend's share of their apartment. Audur doesn't know how the young woman keeps going, but she does.

One of the lowest paid sectors is Iceland's

public service. Einar Isaacson is a 45-year-old librarian in one of Reykjavik's district libraries. (The city's numerous bookstores are visible proof to Iceland's claim that it has the world's highest literacy rate. Many of the books are in English, the country's second working language. The official language is Icelandic, or old Norse). Einar is unmarried and claims he can't afford a car. He recently joined a weekend hiking club: all he had to buy were the boots.

Icelanders have cradle-to-the-grave state welfare, with pensions for everyone at 67. School is free through to university, and although the first four years of university are interest-free, student loans must be and are repaid. The school year runs from September to the end of May, with examinations taking up the last month. There's one university in Reykjavik.

Senior high school students have a colorful way of celebrating the last day of regular classes. Each school chooses a particular theme or costume. Then when the big day arrives, they deck themselves out and parade through Reykjavik's downtown pedestrian mall. One group enters, clearly recognizable as Pope John Paul — resplendent in long crimson outfits with matching 'beanie' hats atop chalked-white hair. Others have become Charlie Chaplins, complete with top hats and canes. The girls in a third group are draped in Indian saris, while the boys have the equivalent male outfits. All exhibit a joie de vivre that somehow seems missing among students in many other places. For young Icelanders, the world is still their oyster.

It's not that they or their parents are too isolated to be unaware of problems. After all, here's a small nation away off by itself that until recently had an inflation rate second only to Israel's. In the spring of 1983, Iceland's inflation stood at 130 per cent. Strenuous control measures by the government reduced this to 50 per cent by last October and since then it has dropped to about 30 per cent. One move was to raise interest rates on general savings accounts from 17 to 24 per cent and regulations were tightened against tax evaders. The entire housing loan system is currently being reviewed. One thing that remained unchanged was the 24 per cent sales tax levied on practically everything Icelanders (and their visitors) buy. This tax accounts for 40 per cent of national revenue.

Iceland's labor force is almost entirely unionized and faced with such a volatile economic situation, strikes are common. In April, an eleventh-hour settlement averted a full-scale teacher's walk-out. A month earlier, the nation's fishing fleet was idle for three weeks as crews (conveniently at home preparing for a new season) obeyed a strike call issued by the Federation of Seamen's Unions.

Following a pattern established with other disputes, the hard-pressed government promised more tax-free allowances for crews, higher subsidies for onboard food expenses and bigger contributions to the seamen's pension funds. The basic pay went up by 50 per cent.

Such concessions underline the importance of fisheries to Iceland's economy: it

brings in 80 per cent of all export earnings. On the other hand, they don't square with Iceland's claim that its fisheries is the least subsidized among its competitors.

Current issues of the monthly *News from Iceland*, aimed at readers of English, make much of the U.S. International Trade Commission's charges that Atlantic Canadian fish producers are dumping their products. They repeat the American claim that Canada's groundfish exports to the U.S. are much lower (\$1.07 a pound compared to \$1.40 for Iceland's products) because the Canadian government shored up east coast operations "which under normal circumstances would simply have gone bankrupt."

If we knew as much about Iceland's fishery as they do about ours, we might benefit. We could look more closely, for instance, at Samband, the Federation of Icelandic Cooperatives which has become a thriving concern while Atlantic Canada's co-operative movement has remained relatively modest. Samband has become Iceland's largest and most diversified business.

Visitors can book in at Samband's Hotel Saga, near Reykjavik's bustling city airport. They can cash their travellers' cheques at a Samband bank. Wandering along Reykjavik's busy docks, they might see one of Samband's container ships loading up for a regular run to Norway.

With the exception of oil and bauxite (for Aluminum of America's plant on the way in from the international airport) all goods passing by sea to and from Iceland are carried on Icelandic-owned vessels. In 1984, this amounted to 1,475,000 tons.

Iceland has had to go repeatedly to international creditors, mostly in the United States, and its foreign indebtedness is still very large. But it's still solvent, thanks largely to a disciplined work force that turns out a highly competitive product, especially fresh frozen fish.

Icelanders have the Protestant work ethic — 90 per cent of them are Lutherans — but for the urban dwellers at least, the day ends sharply at five o'clock. None of this Sunday store hour nonsense in Reykjavik, the country's trend-setter. The vast majority of stores close Saturday night at six and that's it.

What do Icelanders do on the weekends? Soccer is the favorite spectator sport, but it's without mayhem in the stands. Television is not the mighty force it is in North America. There are only two hours of viewing on week nights and four on the weekend. Swimming is big in Iceland, thanks to the abundance of warm water and its being compulsory throughout the school program. Hiking and riding on little Icelandic horses (the language has no word for pony) are other popular activities. The various unions own hundreds of tiny chalets scattered through the bleak countryside and these are rented cheaply to union members.

The towns have numerous restaurants and discotheques, but alcohol is conspicuous by its under-consumption. Alcoholic beer is not sold in Iceland, although a local brew misnamed Black Death is so popular that



Iceland's fishery competes head to head with that of Atlantic Canada, but Icelanders know far more about us than we do about them. Here, some of the fleet tied up in Reykjavik Harbour

agents in Denmark have requested permission to franchise its sale. Anyone lurching along a Reykjavik street is a rare sight. At a well-patronized fishermen's restaurant on Reykjavik's wharf, visitors unknowingly order the tame beer; the locals drink fruit juice.

Icelanders are proud of the way they prepare fish dishes. They should be. Typical of the fare is the cold plate served aboard Icelandair's flight from London's Heathrow: a block of halibut topped with sour cream, a shrimp and asparagus side dish, a green salad, herring in a mustard sauce, a bottle of French wine and when you're finished, a souvenir of daintily-wrapped Iceland chocolate. A good meal (preferably fish or lamb) in a first-class restaurant, complete with wine, might cost \$20. Good bake shops are scattered throughout the residential areas.

Icelanders are a quiet, restrained people. Their superb outdoor pools can be teeming with citizens of all ages, but you won't be run down by someone plowing along doing the crawl: they prefer the breast stroke which reduces the chance of collision. Teenagers toss balls around but when they get too boisterous, a stern but quiet word from the attendant quickly settles them down.

Iceland has no armed forces, although under a NATO agreement the United States maintains an air base at Keflavik, 50 km outside Reykjavik and the site of the country's only international airport.

Crime is minimal and the police don't carry guns. "If we gave our policemen guns, they might harm themselves," say local tour guides. A minor traffic violation where the police stop to question the driver can easily tie up other traffic as people stop to gawk. Icelanders consider stealing impolite.

Reykjavik has over a third of the country's population, but its citizens would be the first to admit they can't speak for the rest. The other Iceland is made up of many smaller towns, usually hugging the coast, and making a living from the sea. Inland, close by geothermal hot springs, towns like Hveragerdi, with their huge greenhouses, produce fresh vegetables and flowers year-round.

Akranes is a thriving fishing town about a two-hour drive around a bay northeast of Reykjavik. Its new stucco and cement homes (flat-roofed and chimney-less but with many skylights) have wide windows, most of them lined with sculptures, a common sight in Iceland. At the Akranes dock, small fishing vessels about the size of our Cape Islanders,



Favorite weekend pastimes are hiking and pony-trekking to the numerous union-owned chalets that dot the bleak countryside



bring in the morning's catch of cod. Their two-man crews carefully fork them out, shoving the tines through the head to avoid spoiling a future fillet.

The fishermen get 12 kronurs per kilogram for the cod, compared to the retail price of 100 kr/kg. (1 kronur equals 30 cents Canadian). According to Dr. Sigfur Schopka, in charge of cod research at the Marine Research Institute in Reykjavik, the present cod stock catch allowance is 10 per cent lower than 1983 — a move to conserve this vital commercial fish. Iceland's haddock stocks are still declining, while capelin, which suffered a precipitous drop in 1981, have bounded back. Herring stocks are also recovering, but more slowly.

Icelanders obviously believe their commercial fishery should be run by fishermen rather than lawyer-politicians and bureaucrats. The minister of fisheries, Hall-dor Asgrimsson, 38, grew up in a fishing town and has worked in the industry both at sea and on shore.

Six of the 12 members of Iceland's Fisheries Price Board, which decides what fishermen get for their raw catches, represent the boat owners and their crews. The others are appointed by the processors.

Concern for dwindling groundfish

stocks, especially cod, prompted a radical shift in policy. In 1984, each vessel was allocated an annual quota based on catch figures for the preceding three years. A committee formed of government officials, fishermen and vessel owners faced the task of sharing 255,000 tons of cod and 300,000 tons of other species among 676 vessels. This resulted in 330 appeals but despite the grumbling, the drastic measure was accepted and continued for the 1985 fishing season.

At the processing end of the fishery, Iceland is a world leader in quality control. In 1974 it established the Fish Industry College to train fish inspectors and to show fish handlers better ways to pack. It is now one of the largest government service departments with 24 chiefs and 400 inspectors.

In 1981, Iceland began airlifting fresh fish to Boston for distribution by a U.S. affiliate of Icelandic Freezing Plants Corporation — an experiment that quickly became a regular feature of Iceland's expanding American operations.

With the U.S. dollar at an all-time high, Iceland is reaping the benefits. More than anything else, this U.S. trade accounts for Iceland's current prosperity.

The evidence is everywhere — in the stream of new cars (mostly European and

Japanese models) rolling through Reykjavik streets; in the sophisticated boutiques sporting the latest in western fashions as well as in the newest from Iceland's famed woolen industry.

Those bulky-knit sweaters ideal for surviving Arctic blasts are being challenged by high-style lighter weight garments. But the shift hasn't been at the expense of craftsmanship. Some mittens and scarves feature such intricate designs and needlework they really should be permanently displayed in museums.

Appreciation of the arts is obvious. Commercial art galleries and gold and silver-smith shops stand next to neat grocery stores (Icelanders seem to have scorned North American shopping malls and supermarkets). Wooden and stone carvings and many paintings are part of the decor of most commercial establishments.

Like the citizens of Atlantic Canada, Icelanders have been through some pretty lean times, but right now they're on a high. Looking at the map, their island looks remote and far off the beaten track. It's really a much closer neighbor than we think. As one of our major competitors, more of us should be studying how Iceland got its act together. We could learn a lot. ☒

OLKS

I really feel lucky to have found clowning," says **Beni Malone**, 30, of St. John's. Malone, Newfoundland's only full-time professional clown, is also the first Canadian to train with the world-famous Ringling Brothers Circus in Florida. "I knew I had a slim chance at my audition," says Malone. "They had thousands of applications and it even said on the form that you had to be an American. But they said, 'come on down'." In spite of his American training, Malone has always preferred European clowning with its greater emphasis on original characters, costumes and storylines. Says Malone, "My chief clown character, Sky-larker, is a European-style harlequin clown. He's cleverer than other clowns,

A Servant of Two Masters, which he will take on a Maritime tour next spring. "The original script calls for 13 characters," says Malone. "We cut the play down to eight parts which we play using only four actors. When we go to take our bow, the audience wonders where everyone is."

Captain Harold Parsons of Springdale, Notre Dame Bay, on the northeast coast of Newfoundland, is out fishing this summer in the Strait of Belle Isle. That's no big deal, of course. What's extraordinary is his boat — it's the last working fishing schooner in Newfoundland, the *Willing Lass* — 83 feet long and built in 1949. It's a traditional "knock-about" schooner with no bowsprit and with the masts cut down. It's not sleek in the style of the *Bluenose II*, but it does a remarkable job. With a crew of six, three cod traps and two trap boats the *Willing Lass* fishes all summer off Belle Isle — the only boat in the Atlantic Provinces, apparently, where salting is done on board. The captain was away to Belle Isle when *Atlantic Insight* called, but his wife, Phyllis, said this old-fashioned method of fishing "provides a very good living." It's true that the *Willing Lass* is equipped with a motor instead of sail and has radar and other modern equipment, but still it strikes a blow for the fine old tradition of Newfoundland fishing schooners.

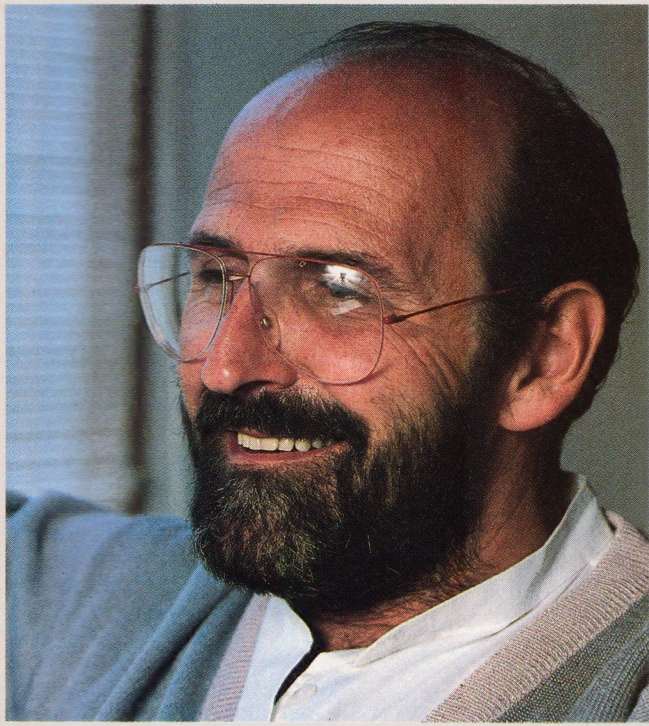
Not everyone is likely to find beauty in fish ears. But **Ross Piercey** did. He's making jewelry with the ivory-white balance bone found in the ear-eye area of fish, called the "otolith" — Greek for "earstone." Fishermen, of course, have known for ages of the attractive properties of this bone, and Piercey was a fisherman and then an employee with both the federal and provincial departments of fisheries. He now operates Sea Raven Resources Ltd., a scientific data collection company in Halifax. Otoliths have scientific value as well as visual attractiveness — scientists section them and count the rings to determine the age of the fish. Piercey began making jewelry for friends — earrings, pins and pendants — collecting the half- to inch-long bones from fish plants or cutting them out himself. The otolith is carefully washed in both water and alcohol before being dried. The result is a natural bone with delicately scalloped edges. Piercey's jewelry sells for \$9 to \$11 in airports and tourist outlets, fish markets and fine gift shops. The Nova Scotia government gives otolith pieces as protocol gifts. "Otoliths are a pure product presented in the natural form," says Piercey. "Only pearls are the same. Other white jewelry has been carved or manufactured. As their beauty becomes better known, otoliths will be seen as a new pearl."

It's not really surprising that **Paul LeBlanc** wasn't a household name in Dieppe and Moncton when, literally overnight, he did become a household name



Malone: clever clown

yet he makes just as many mistakes. In his acrobatics he's a clown, but his character comes more from a theatrical tradition." In 1984, a hankering to explore clowning's 400-year-old European roots convinced Malone to travel to Paris to enrol in L'école national de cirque, founded by the Fratellini brothers, Europe's leading clowns in the 1920s and 1930s. "The school specializes in trapeze work and acrobatics which is exactly what I wanted." Since his return, the irrepressible Malone has toured the province with his three-clown show, *Mixed Commotions* with two French clown companions, Cecile Truffaut and Donatienne Guillot-Cori, begun work on a punk-clown night club act, and revived an 18th century commedia dell'arte crowd-pleaser, Goldoni's



MARK HOLZBERG

Dieppe native LeBlanc is a wigmaker extraordinaire

in the communities where he was born and trained. After all, he was just a 20-year-old hairdresser when he left Moncton to travel across the country with a Canadian wigmaking company. Today, 19 years later, he's a world-famous Academy Award and Canadian Genie award winner for his extraordinary wigs and make-up in the film *Amadeus*. The Oscar was the highlight of a successful but hitherto unpublicized career. It's a career that has seen LeBlanc work in London, adorning the heads of such as Marlene Dietrich, Carole Channing and Danny LaRue. From London he returned to Toronto with the CBC where he learned filmmaking. His first feature movie was the acclaimed *The Black Stallion*, shot in Italy. *Amadeus* meant more travelling — to New York for research and drawings, Rome for consultation with costume designers, London where the wigs were made, and Prague for location shooting. Had he any ideas of the awards ahead? LeBlanc says, "You know from the beginning that you're working on a wonderful project. It was all teamwork." He was the only Canadian on the multi-award-winning crew and remembers that "The Czechs loved me because of the hockey." These days LeBlanc divides his time between Toronto and New York. He returns to New Brunswick this summer for the movie *Children of a Lesser God* — a Paramount picture by Canadians Norman Jewison and Justis Green. No doubt Paul LeBlanc will receive more acclaim than when he left home nearly two decades ago.

Teaching French Immersion on Prince Edward Island was the last thing on **Jocelyn Boisclair's** mind when she left her home in Shawinigan Falls, Que., in

1968. She was headed for Toronto to learn English. After three years there, she was off to India to study East Indian dancing. With "travelling still on my mind," she visited friends in P.E.I. and, attracted by friendliness of Islanders, she stayed. Three years ago while teaching mentally handicapped children in Charlottetown schools, Boisclair was asked by a friend to be a substitute teacher at L'Eveil, Charlottetown's only French-language kindergarten. She found herself falling in love with the job and now that love affair is leading to the creation of the city's first French Immersion kindergarten for English-speaking pre-schoolers. Boisclair will use a hand-puppet mouse to do the speaking for her, introducing the children to the language with simple stories, songs, rhymes and games. By Christmas, as much as 45 minutes of the 2½-hour daily program will be French only. The only foreseeable hitch in the plan is that her kindergarten isn't part of the education department's regular French Immersion program. Parents who give their children a head start in learning French have no guarantee of getting their

Boisclair and daughter Emily: loves job



TOM CUSACK

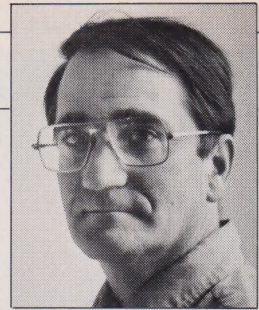
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youngsters into the limited number of spaces available at the grade one level.

Pat and the Elephant" says the sign on a large van which rides the roads 364 days a year in the Charlottetown area. **Pat Rogers** bought her first van thinking it would be handy as a portable first aid station, useful for carrying Girl Guide cookies and camp equipment and roomy enough for wheelchair people. Rogers noticed in her work with the St. John Ambulance that Islanders in wheelchairs had to travel in an ambulance with chairs folded — both expensive and demeaning. In a flash of fun the name for the service was born. Her mom's comment on seeing the van was, "It's as big as an elephant." Rogers nurtured her baby well. Now, ten years later there are two elephants, "Ivan" and "Tuvan", two drivers, Wayne Bryenton and Terry Knudson, and a board of directors. Rogers guides operations, fills in where needed and provides an elephantine amount of energy to keep the vans rolling. "I never dreamed it would grow so large," she told mothers and Brownies at a recent banquet. In 1984 she donated generous prizes and created a winter carnival fund-raising venture, "Elephants on Ice." Following her unselfish example, Brownies and Rotarians help feed and outfit her hungry, hard-running elephants — 7,300 one-way trips last year. Rogers' kind of elephants don't run on peanuts. It takes drive, dollars and determination to deliver her "Pat and the Elephant" lift.

University of New Brunswick president **James Downey** joined the ranks of former U.S. presidents Jimmy Carter and Gerald Ford when he was recently named a Fellow of the University of Georgia. UNB and UGA shared bicentennials this year and in joint celebrations exchanged among other things scholars, musicians, sports teams, trees . . . and presidents. The 46-year-old native of Winterton, Trinity Bay, Nfld. doesn't fit the image of an academician whose doctorate is in English Literature from the University of London, England and who has three earlier degrees from Memorial in St. John's. Tennis is his number one passion, followed closely by his rare book collection and the theatre — even to performing in the student-produced "Red and Black Review." Downey lives with his wife and two teenagers in a riverside home within walking distance of the campus. Known as someone who "takes his responsibilities seriously, but not himself," Downey's informality and sense of humor make him much in demand as a speaker at both academic and non-academic events. Downey has been president of UNB, Canada's first chartered provincial university, since 1980 but is modest about his fellowship and silver bicentennial medal, saying, "I realize that I personally haven't earned this distinction. It's really UNB they were honoring. Still, it's not bad for a 'b'y from the bay' to be president of UNB." □

The truth about ram-cats and other creatures from beyond



My household is ill-equipped and I dare say yours is too, for the lack of a hag board.

Should the Old Hag come a-calling, I'd have no defence except to say my name backward. The Lord's Prayer backward is also said to be efficacious. But nothing beats the board.

It's just a piece of board the size of your chest studded with sharp nails. You strap it to your body and go to sleep on your back. Then when the gruesome night visitor comes to sit on your chest and press the breath out of you she's in for a surprise.

Perfect slumber guaranteed — even though your more usual bed partner may end up looking like a colander.

Newfoundland has its fair share of ghosts, ghouls and other assorted characters from beyond although the spread of electricity and street lights seem to have cut seriously into the population.

Being "fairy led" can be an awkward problem. You're walking through the woods and the little folk cast a spell over you. Then they make you walk for miles in any direction you want.

So you must always carry a piece of hard tack ship's biscuit in your pocket as a sort of bribe for the fairies. Failing that, you snatch off your jacket, quick as a bunny, and put it on hind part before.

The fairies once caught a neighbor of ours. He was cutting firewood with some companions and hours later he found himself with a large log on his back — 10 or 15 miles from where he'd been.

When a pious, godfearing gentleman who'd never think of telling the slightest untruths delivered this as a matter of fact report there's not much you can do but sit there and listen, your jaw slightly slack.

In Newfoundland when the evening assembly in some kitchen or other gets going on tales of the supernatural the beginning is almost invariably, "Of course now I don't believe in that stuff myself. It's just old superstition. But there was a strange thing happened to me once and I haven't been able to figure it out to this day."

An uncle of mine was on the Grand Banks in a schooner. Suddenly he and some others saw the figure of a stranger on deck. Uncle walked boldly up to it. It turned with blazing eyes and vanished.

They found out later, of course, that a man had recently drowned on the exact spot.

That particular kind of ghost is called a "fetch." A fetch is the spirit of someone dead. A "token" on the other

hand is the ghost of someone at a distance and at the moment they die — or is it the other way around? My handle on ghostology is not what it once was.

Women especially seem to see tokens of absent relatives at the moment they meet disaster and find out days, perhaps weeks later that the worst is true.

Ghostly burning ships are fairly thick upon the water, often with spectres of dead seamen clearly visible in the rigging.

Poltergeists no longer keep the clergy as busy as they once did. These, of course, are not seen but cause objects to fly about. They seem to pester, in particular, girls in their mid-teens.

It was hard to be a non-believer when some pillar of the community stated his vision in plain terms

One of this variety of spook on Merasheen Island, Placentia Bay, had the double-whammy put on it by the priest three times before it skedaddled. At one point it looked like a job for the bishop.

Strange black dogs are not to be trifled with under any circumstances. It might be the devil in disguise. A test is to hold out your arm with just the little and index fingers sticking up and if it is the wicked gentleman his true features will appear.

Pirates or "Frenchmen" are sometimes seen sitting on the beach checking their accounts and taking inventory of their loot. There were always rumors of "Frenchman's gold" at my ancestral seat near Come By Chance. It's now thought to be relics of a Basque whaling station

from the 1500s.

But once near this same spot a sailor's boot was found on the beach. Although it was tossed back in the ocean or buried in the earth some distance away it always moved itself back to the same spot. Trust me. Mother speaks only gospel.

"Strangers" are no longer as common as they once were. These blokes look fairly normal, some of them quite well dressed. But if you hail them in passing on a dark road they seem not to hear and look neither right nor left. Or they leave no footprints in the snow. Horses balk seriously at passing them.

Far as I know, we've never had truck nor trade with werewolves or vampires. But there's an appalling creature in animal form called a "ram-cat." It's 10 times the size of an ordinary moggie and so ferocious in appearance that it puts grown men off their feed for a week.

More benign phenomena were the speaking farm animals. Once a year on Old Christmas Day (Jan. 6) they were granted the power of speech at midnight. This true believer never quite had the guts to eavesdrop outside a dark barn at that hour.

Not all the spooks out our way were what they seemed. One of them was an uncle of mine, a notorious prankster. His gimmick was to gallop past some wayfarer on a dark night and gather the sheet in a ball in front of him, thus "disappearing." More than one nervous nelly had to be brought around with massive applications of smelling salts.

Perhaps it isn't fair to call them that. Nearly everyone once believed in ghosts to one extent or the other. Most had an experience with one and it was hard to be a non-believer when some pillar of the community stated his vision in plain terms.

Me? Well, of course I don't believe in that old stuff but . . . Once, as a lad, I was walking in the woods with my dog. I carried a telescope which I prized and somehow lost it.

For an hour I made a frantic search. Finally, I said to the dog, "Bounce. Spy glass." He made a direct beeline to where I had dropped it.

At that instant something literally lifted me about a mile above the earth so that I was looking down on a large chunk of Creation with the most powerful feelings of calm and joy . . . I could see boats on the ocean maybe 50 miles distant.

Gospel truth. Any cracks about the state of my top storey and I'll sic my resident ram-cat on you. ☒



A taste for adventure



EXPORT 'A'



WARNING: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling. Average per Cigarette —
Export 'A' Light Regular "tar" 10.0 mg., nicotine 0.8 mg. King Size "tar" 10.0 mg., nicotine 0.8 mg.
Export 'A' Extra Light Regular "tar" 8.0 mg., nicotine 0.7 mg. King Size "tar" 9.0 mg., nicotine 0.8 mg.



THE CANADIAN SPIRIT



Glenbow Archives

There was a time when men paddled birchbark canoes down the turbulent Thompson River.

Men with a vision and a dream exploring what was to

become the greatest country in the world.

Today, the river challenges men and women in inflatable rubber rafts running the white boulder-choked water, hopping from eddy to eddy, then slipping through narrow chutes and plunging over small falls.

Then afterwards — enjoying the warmth of an evening fire with new friends and companions with whom they have shared the exhilarating white water experience.

That's the spirit.

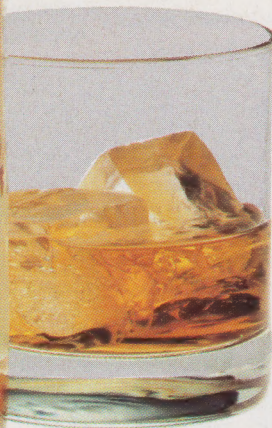
The Canadian Spirit.

Now
Canadian Spirit
is 6 Years Old.

6

Canadian Spirit 6 Year Old.

A subtly blended whisky that has been patiently aged and carefully charcoal mellowed for six years in seasoned oak casks to make it smoother than ever before.



Canadian Spirit Rye Whisky
For the taste that's truly Canadian.